APR. 14, 1947

New Republic

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New Republic

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EDITOR: *Henry A. Wallace*
PUBLISHER: *Michael Straight*
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: *William D. Patterson*
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR: *Bruce Bliven*
EXECUTIVE EDITOR: *Francis Brennan*
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SENIOR EDITORS: *Helen Fuller, William Harlan Hale, Robert Hatch, Penn Kimball, James R. Newman, Theodore H. White*
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TREASURER: *Daniel Mebane*
ADVERTISING MANAGER: *E. G. Wood*
CIRCULATION MANAGER: *Eric Shumway*
PRODUCTION MANAGER: *Anthony J. Ballo*

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Letter of the Week

Tropical Isle

Jules France was a master sergeant in the Army Air Corps (Pacific) and at the same time an accredited correspondent to a number of American magazines. He was in Samoa, the islands of the South Pacific and Australia. After demobilization, he returned to Samoa to finish a writing assignment, and left there last June. France now lives in Connecticut.

THE Honorable Mariota T. Tuisasosopo is an earnest, self-educated admirer of American democracy. He likes the whole idea so much that he's been trying to get more of it for his people in American Samoa.

As official orator for the Samoan Assembly, and a "high talking chief" of the Eastern District, Tuisasosopo has refused to be discouraged by the peculiar fact that you can apparently live under the American flag without enjoying the heritage of self-government.

Ever since 1900, when the United States Navy assumed dominion over 16,000 souls in the Samoan Islands, the thought currents of Broadway, Main Street and Pennsylvania Avenue have rippled the waters of Pago Pago harbor, ten days by boat from San Francisco.

A peace-loving, gracious and hospitable people, Samoans have welcomed and coöperated with our Navy administration. And they freely count the blessings they have received under the American aegis. But as honest men, they find these not unmixed, and too many are missing. The Samoans, unfortunately for our peace of mind, have read our Constitution and Bill of Rights.

The government of American Samoa consists of one man—the Commander of the US Naval Base. A benevolent dictator, he will listen to the wishes, complaints and advice of Samoa's chiefs, who achieve their rank through inheritance. But the Commander's word is final, and there is no court of appeal.

This autocratic rule—despite its American trademark—has been patiently tried by the islanders, and found wanting. In April of last year the Samoan

(Continued on page 46)

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Announcing the Winners of the New Republic Short Story Contest for War Veterans Now Attending College

Aiming at the discovery of fresh, authentic voices among World War II veterans, the editors of the New Republic went to the college campuses of America. War veterans there, students under the GI Bill of Rights, submitted over 2,000 manuscripts to the New Republic Short Story Contest.

Judges: Marshall Best, *Editor of Viking Press;* Frank Taylor, *recently Editor of Reynal & Hitchcock;* Otis Wiese, *Editor of McCall's.*

First Prize *($500 Award)*: Ashur Baizer, *Columbia University, N.Y.*

Second Prize *($250 Award)*: Jesse McCracken, *Guilford College, North Carolina.*

Third–Seventh Prizes *($50 Awards)*: Donald McInnis, *Stanford University, California;* Richard Seaver, *University of North Carolina;* Elvin Albaum, *Brooklyn College, New York;* Emmett Robinson, *University of Texas;* Jerry Bick, *Columbia University, N. Y.*

Honorable Mention Awards *(One-Year Subscriptions to the New Republic)*: Bernard Aurentz, *Hershey Junior College, Pennsylvania;* Milton Bass, *Amherst College, Massachusetts;* John Birmingham, *Hartford, Connecticut;* Frederick Brainin, *National School for Speech Disorders, New York;* Martin Bressler, *City College of New York;* Bradley Burch, *New York University;* Charles Caldwell, *University of Alabama;* Art Casey (2), *Los Angeles, California;* S. R. Curran, *Cornell University; New York;* Robert L. Fraissinet, *Yale University, Connecticut;* Alexander Frazer, *Northwestern University, Illinois;* William Garvin, *Pennsylvania State College;* William A. Gold, *University of Virginia;* Herb Gould (2), *Columbia University, New York;* Jay Haley (3), *Los Angeles, California;* Daniel Kushner, *New School for Social Research, New York;* Ray Lapica, *New York City;* Jerome Lipman, *University of Pennsylvania;* Norman Michie, *Ripon, Wisconsin;* Warren Miller, *University of Iowa;* John Orr, *University of Alabama;* Leo E. Persselin, *University of Illinois;* Shane Riorden, *Harvard University, Massachusetts;* Joseph H. Satin, *Columbia University, New York;* Paul Selvin, *University of Connecticut;* Jack C. Werner, *Columbia University, New York.*

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New Republic

VOLUME 116, NUMBER 15, ISSUE 1689, NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 14, 1947

News in Focus

Greatest Victory

Congress

IT was a great victory for David E. Lilienthal, but perhaps an even greater one for Arthur Hendrick Vandenberg. Surely, it was Vandenberg's highest hour in 19 years as Senator from Michigan when he delivered his powerful appeal last week for confirmation of Lilienthal as chairman of the US Atomic Energy Commission.

The crucial Senate test on Lilienthal's nomination came an hour after Vandenberg had finished. Seventeen other Republicans defied GOP floor leadership to support Vandenberg: with 34 Democrats they voted down (52 to 38) an attempt to send the Atomic Commission appointments back to committee. The formal vote actually to confirm Lilienthal and four other commission members would be an anti-climax.

Thus, despite 10 solid weeks of bitter, unbridled assaults on his ability, character and origin, Lilienthal had won the stupendous job of directing this country's atomic-development program—for peace or war. This program had floundered during the long Lilienthal debate. His victory would be the signal for full speed ahead.

But Vandenberg had won many victories, too, in this fight:

He had proved beyond doubt the guts many had said he lacked; he had aligned himself vigorously against the four other members of the Senate's Republican "Big Five"—Taft (Ohio); White (Maine); Wherry (Nebr.); and Bridges (N. H.)—and had beaten them all.

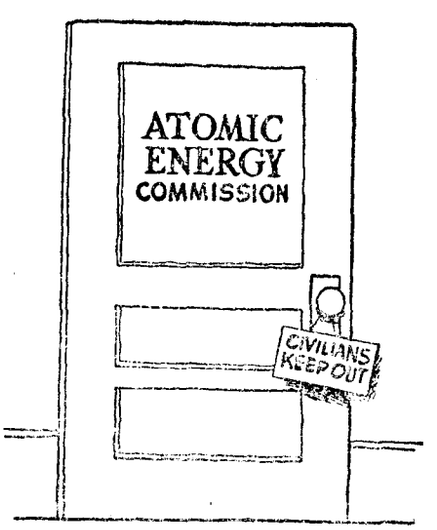
In his undeclared, disavowed race for the 1948 GOP presidential nomination, he had gained much ground at the expense of his chief congressional rival, Bob Taft.

But his greatest victory was won over himself. Last week's performance provided fresh evidence of the distance Vandenberg had traveled from his prewar, pro-isolationist, strongly anti-New Deal position.

Now his raspy, gravel voice, never so effective before, seemed to represent the good conscience of conservative Americans willing, on some issues at least, to confront the stubborn realities of an atom-splitting world.

There were many dramatic moments in the final two days of bitter debate before the Senate's test vote, but none so dramatic as the 35 minutes consumed by the 63-year-old Michigander. The chamber was crowded. Most Senators were at their desks. Members of Senate staffs and a few favored friends occupied chairs or stood at the sides and rear of the floor. Not even standing room was left in the galleries.

Vandenberg rested his big frame heavily against a speech rack atop his mahogany desk in the center of the chamber. With his left hand, he gripped the stand. With his right, he executed his familiar salute-like gesture as he hunched over and thundered home his arguments. Republicans and some Southern Democrats had hammered incessantly on the line that Lilienthal had Communist sympathies or was "soft" toward Russia. Said Vandenberg:



> After weeks of testimony, I find no basis for this charge. . . . I do not want to emulate the intolerance of communism itself by condemning to some sort of Siberia all persons who do not happen totally to subscribe to my own view as to how America ought to be run. . . . It is the opinion of our [atomic-energy] committee that Mr. Lilienthal is no part of a Communist by any stretch of the imagination. . . .

Taft had stunned even some of his Republican colleagues by urging that the US withdraw its international atomic-control plan from the United Nations "until the world is in a more peaceful state." He wanted domestic control taken out of civilian hands and returned to the Army. Vandenberg pointed out that the Senate Atomic Energy Committee had struggled with that problem for many months: Said he: ". . . if we found out one thing truer than another, it is that in peacetime we cannot drive science into its laboratories with bayonets."

To arguments that Lilienthal—former head of the Tennessee Valley Authority—is "such a devotee of public ownership that he will endanger free enterprise," Vandenberg recalled that Congress had made control of atomic energy "the tightest government monopoly ever set up in the United States. . . . " He declared:

> You all voted for it. It passed the Senate unanimously. We . . . decreed that government ownership and management . . . is an indispensable public necessity for the sake of national security in respect to the control of atomic energy . . . therefore, one of the most available men to run it is the successful manager of the greatest existing comparable example of

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public ownership and management. Whether we like it or him or the TVA, this sequence leads logically to David Lilienthal's door. His liability under other circumstances thus becomes an asset for the time being.

Vandenberg branded as "irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial" the criticism by Taft and others of the so-called Acheson-Lilienthal report on atomic-energy control—the document which provided the basis for the plan submitted to the UN by Bernard M. Baruch. He pointed out that the report was produced by others than Lilienthal and Undersecretary of State Dean Acheson, and declared: "Prominently among those consultants who put their stamp of integrity upon this report . . . was the very man who is the idol of all the speeches I have heard here against the Lilienthal confirmation. It is signed by Major General Leslie R. Groves. . . ." (Groves was wartime director of the Army's Manhattan Project which produced the atom bomb.)

Vandenberg cited a list of scientists who had endorsed Lilienthal and demanded: "Where are the comparable witnesses against him, Senators? I ask that again. Where are the comparable witnesses against him?"

There was no answer. Crotchety old Kenneth McKellar, the Tennessee Democrat who had started the fight against Lilienthal and produced half a dozen disgruntled former TVA employees as opposition witnesses, stared moodily at his thumbs.

A few more minutes and Vandenberg was concluding: ". . . for myself . . . I have no alternative. . . . I have no doubt that in the interest of the national welfare and for the sake of a square deal, Mr. Lilienthal is entitled to be confirmed."

Applause swept the galleries in violation of Senate rules. Liberal Republican Senators Charles W. Tobey (N. H.) and George D. Aiken (Vt.) stepped forward to congratulate Vandenberg. As Vandenberg headed for the corridors, Senator Irving M. Ives (R, N. Y.) clasped his hand.

Looking like a man who knew he was beaten, Taft went through the final motions of debate. After the vote the Ohio Senator hurried from the chamber. Three newspaper reporters were waiting at the door. "Any of you fellows waiting to see me?" asked Taft, briskly. All shook their heads, "No." They were waiting for Vandenberg.

Revitalized UN

Foreign Policy

To the people of Greece events on their own doorstep—the death of George II, the accession of his brother, Paul I, and the UN investigation of border warfare—were overshadowed by happenings in a far-off land. Greeks knew that their immediate future was being shaped less in Athens than in Washington where both Senate and House Foreign Affairs Committees held hearings on the Administration proposal for "anti-Communist" loans to Greece and Turkey.

Impatiently the Greeks read reports of testimony that promised to extend the House hearings another week, maybe more, before Congress could open its great foreign-policy debate. Most of the testimony was anti-Communist bombast, but from Senate President Arthur Vandenberg, in a continuing mood of statesmanship (see above), came a proposal that was far from bombast.

Maybe after all, the Senator agreed, the UN should not be by-passed. He proposed, and his committee adopted, an amendment promising that the US would abandon its Greek program if either the Security Council or the UN Assembly voted disapproval and provided the UN itself was ready with a substitute Greek plan. As evidence of good faith, the US would yield its own veto right in the Security Council. In realistic terms, the UN Assembly was never likely to take such action, entailing vast expenditures for an alternative program, but the true importance of the Vandenberg amendment was its author's acknowledgement that the UN, unless it is to become totally devitalized, must be kept in on such vital problems as political loans to member states.

If Vandenberg had carried his concessions one big step further, by separating the Turkish proposal from the Greek loan, it would have fulfilled most of the Liberal conditions for non-military loans to Greece, a matter sure to get a thorough airing in congressional debate.

The anxious Greek government read with more interest, however, that the committee had by-passed proposals by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge (R, Mass.) which would have required taxation and fiscal reforms before the Greeks could qualify for US aid. After talks with Premier Demetrios Maximos and Foreign Minister Constantine Tsaldaris in Athens, Raymond Daniell of the New York *Times* rediscovered what Constantine Poulos had reported nearly a month ago (March 17) in a dispatch to the *New Republic*. Daniell concluded that the Greek government had no intention of embarking on any reform program and hoped, instead, that the US would act only in an advisory capacity on loan expenditure.

Other items in correspondent Daniell's dispassionate account did not draw a very pretty picture of the nation to which a loan is proposed:

¶ Tsaldaris said "the Greek army of 100,000 should be doubled immediately."

¶ "The US may be financing a future military dictatorship" since the premier's political debts are chiefly to rightist army officers' leagues, rich industrialists and bankers.

¶ "It is worth a man's life to be seen reading a liberal daily in the province

FDR Today

Two years ago this Saturday, April 12, President Franklin D. Roosevelt died at Warm Springs, Georgia.

Last week Mrs. Roosevelt spoke the thoughts of millions: "You know, I think he gave people a sense of security. They felt he had a pretty complete understanding of their own problems and the problems they must face in the rest of the world. Hearing his voice they were inclined to feel they were part of what was going on. Now they feel left out."

For another recollection see "The Roosevelt We Remember," by Henry Wallace, page 14.

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¶ "Recently in Athens 560 persons were routed from bed by security police at night and whisked to Aegean Islands, Gestapo-style.

¶ "Greece is beginning to take on some aspects of a police state."

Phone Strike

Labor

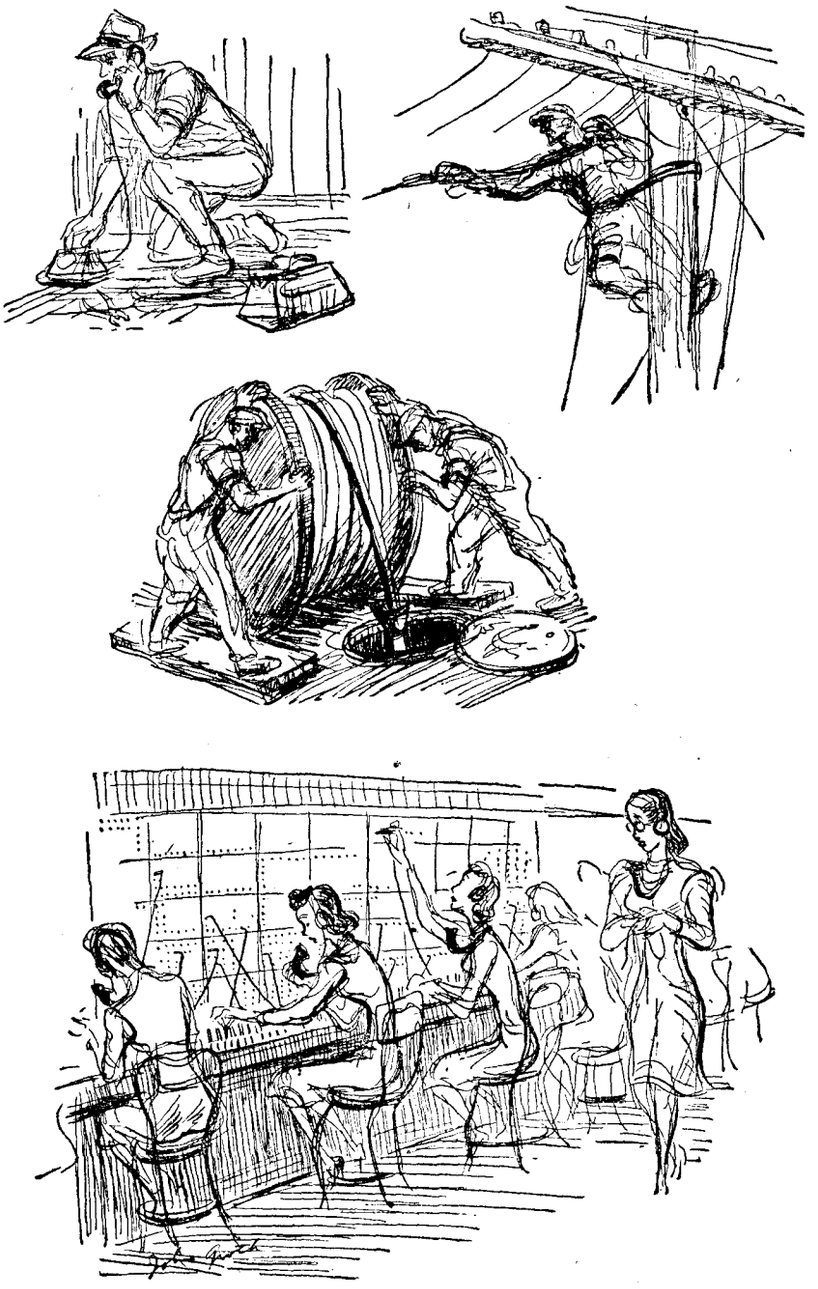
As THE six a.m. deadline jumped across the country Monday morning, operators pulled the plugs from their boards, left company property and took their places on the picket lines. The first nationwide telephone strike was under way. Long-distance lines went out immediately; dial systems were expected to deteriorate gradually as breakdowns remained unrepaired.

Negotiations had continued up to the last minute in Washington. Secretary of Labor Lewis B. Schwellenbach took charge in the pre-dawn hours. But the zero hour came and went with no agreement in sight. Joseph A. Bierne, president of the National Federation of Telephone Workers, pledged some 342,000 workers to accept local collective bargaining or nationwide arbitration of all issues. The AT&T let the strike begin without comment. But talks went on in Washington while Labor Department conciliators sought solutions throughout the country.

The basic dispute between the NFTW and the AT&T centered on the issue of industrywide bargaining. The parent company, insisting that its regional operating subsidiaries were subject to state regulation and local cost factors, argued that wages must also be governed by these factors. An AT&T vice-president, Cleo Frank Craig, was quietly present in Washington last week, but he never entered direct negotiations. He reiterated that each regional operating company had real autonomy in dealing with the 39 unions loosely confederated in the NFTW—a claim at which the unions scoffed.

The NFTW did not demand uniform wages but it insisted on centralized bargaining to bring wages in different areas into closer relationship. It pointed out that the operating companies' activities bore the imprint of unified direction—similar local arbitration offers, similar

The Men and Women of AT&T



THE men and women of telephone were once the showpiece of US industry: in December, 1939, they got an average of $32.46 weekly compared to a national manufacturing average of $25.23. By December, 1946, their wage was up to $42.98, but the manufacturing average had risen to $46.86. Light and power workers were averaging $54.58; railway and bus workers, $55.26. Telephone workers' position has deteriorated even more seriously in terms of purchasing power. From April, 1945, to January, 1947, their average earnings rose 15.2 percent. Over the same period the cost of living was up 20.5 percent; food prices had risen 34.5 percent.

Here is what the workers sketched above are being paid, according to the American Union of Telephone Workers: installation man, average weekly starting wage $27, average top wage $65; lineman, same average starting wage, average top wage $58; cable layer (construction worker), same as lineman; switchboard operator, average wage $33; switchboard supervisor, average wage $40 to $50.

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wage offers, similar refusals to arbitrate the union shop, similar advertisements in local newspapers all over the country.

Asking for a general $12-a-week—roughly 25-percent—wage increase, the NFTW argued that telephone wages had lagged behind those in other industries. Another kick came from the union over wage differentials. Starting rates for operators varied from $22 a week in a small Southern town to $31 in Detroit.

The employees asked that vacations and pensions be liberalized. Employees with 15 years of service had been given a three-week vacation. Under the new contract they wanted four weeks' vacation after 20 years of service.

The telephone workers found the rungs from the bottom to the top of the ladder too far apart. The length of time required for a worker to go from the starting wage to the top wage for his job was eight years. The NFTW wanted it reduced to five years, except in the case of technical workers. To most of these grievances the AT&T offered to extend existing provisions, which they considered "fair and liberal."

Labor Department negotiators were not aided, in seeking settlement of the conflict, by the appearance of Representative Fred A. Hartley Jr.'s (R, N. J.) bill to authorize the Attorney General, on direction of the President, to halt a strike by obtaining an injunction. The effect, when coupled with other congressional moves tending toward outlawry of the closed shop and against industrywide bargaining, was to intervene in collective bargaining on the side of the AT&T. Last year a nationwide telephone strike was averted 25 minutes before deadline through a wage agreement between the union of long-distance operators and the AT&T, which employs long-distance workers directly, with the understanding that the wage increase would also go to other unions. This year the AT&T had shown signs of preferring a showdown fight.

Tall Price

Illinois

THE lives of Centralia's 111 mine victims seemed a tall price for the information that the much heralded government "seizure" of US coal mines had bordered on fiction. The investigations and controversies over the calamitous blast in the Illinois coal fields last week bathed federal powers over mine safety in an unflattering glare. The feeble reflection of government control was in pale contrast to the noble light shed by the Supreme Court when it upheld the contempt proceedings against the United Mine Workers and John L. Lewis.

Senator Guy Cordon (R, Ore.), head of the special subcommittee which rushed to the scene of the blast, concluded that "if there has been one thing shown to this committee, it has been that there was gross negligence in the handling of safety conditions." Representative Gerald W. Landis (R, Ind.), a former miner, introduced a bill in the House "to put some teeth in our Federal Mine Inspection Act." Ordinarily, enforcement of safety codes, as Interior Secretary J. A. Krug conceded last week, depends on "widely varying state laws." The emergency powers acquired by the government when it "took over" the mines last year contained no specific provisions for closing down unsafe workings. Captain N. H. Collisson, US Coal Mines Administrator, had written five times to the management of Centralia No. 5 to complain about violations discovered by US inspectors. His temporary power, however, to "discipline or replace the operating manager" had not been exercised.

In the absence of federal authority, the breakdown of state regulation was all the more catastrophic. Robert M. Medill, director of the Illinois Department of Mines and Minerals, took full responsibility for orders which had diverted state inspectors to the extra-curricular task of dunning coal operators for contributions to the Republican mayoralty campaign in Chicago. Last week Medill resigned "for the good of the service." Governor Dwight H. Green, to whom Centralia miners had addressed a plea "to please save our lives," weakly explained that "the letter arrived at a time when I was away. I never saw it."

The pathetic conditions in Illinois were no relief to the heavy drama in Washington. The Bureau of Mines supplied the tardy intelligence that although it had conducted 3,345 mine inspections in 1946, only two mines—worked by the Union Pacific Railroad in Wyoming—had been found free of safety violations. Secretary Krug ordered that 518 of the 2,531 government-operated mines shut down by Lewis for an Easter Week "mourning" period be kept closed until union safety committees decided they were no longer dangerous. In rebuttal Lewis requested that all mines except the pair in Wyoming remain empty until approved by federal inspectors.

The maneuvers to shift responsibility for declaring the nation's mines fit to work in pitched another climax into the Krug-Lewis melodrama. Lewis, playing to the hilt, repeated the charge that Krug was solely responsible for the Centralia disaster. Krug thrust back figures to show that fatalities in the mines had dropped during the 10 months of federal operation. John L. was scornful: "This modern Hercules with the No. 12 shoes and No. 5 hat has reduced deaths from 95 a month to 85 and then he rests from his labors."

This week, as the miners' mourning period expired, Lewis indicated a stubborn intent to keep the pits idle until the federal government assumed the full responsibilities for mine operation and inspection.

Argentine Atom

ARGENTINE experiments in atomic physics have definitely been conducted under the direction of Dr. Guido Beck, Czech-born scientist, according to a Buenos Aires dispatch by Virginia Prewett, correspondent for the Chicago *Sun*. Beck had protested that the *New Republic* linked him unjustly with the Peron government's military program of atomic development and, in a letter to this magazine (the *NR*, March 31), denied any connection. Records now uncovered by Prewett show that Beck "personally suggested and directed" experiments in atom-splitting between 1943 and 1945. Some of the results were recently published in *Revista Astronomica*, Argentine science journal.

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The UMW president remarked vengefully that safety supervision by union committees had been undermined by "intimidation" stemming from federal anti-strike injunctions. He ordered UMW districts not to pass on the removal of hazards. The government, as far as "Old" John L. Lewis (see page 22) was concerned, could clean up its own mess.

No Answer

Prices

ON March 26 President Truman made a public plea to US industry to heed "the handwriting on the wall" and cut prices. He implied that current negotiations for wage increases could be completed successfully without raising prices.

The text of the handwriting on the wall was spelled out once again by Robert R. Nathan, CIO economist. His report last fall demonstrated that industry could afford wage boosts without price increases and is the basis of current CIO demands in major industries. Last week Nathan found the wage-price-profit structure "even more unsound than four months ago." Said he: "Prices have continued to reach for new high levels, the pay envelope continues to buy less and less, consumer resistance is growing and inventories are starting to back up."

As industry's 1946 statements and 1947 indications continued almost unanimous in recording unprecedented profits, there was equal agreement not to pass on any of the increase to labor. There were a handful of exceptions: International Harvester cut list prices of some items; Plymouth prices were shaved; Ford, with appropriate to-do, gave the consumer a spoonful of the top cream. Example: the de-luxe business coupe was cut $20 last week to $1,150 (f.o.b. New York), still 85.4 percent higher than 1939 and seven percent higher than 1945.

More typical of US industry was the case of US Steel, where negotiations for a wage increase have been dragging since January. US Steel's report for 1946 showed a profit after taxes of $88.6 million, the highest since 1941 despite the steel and coal strikes. Nathan recently issued a little Nathan Report for steel showing that wages could be upped 21 cents per hour without a price increase. There were rumors that the CIO and Big Steel would get together on some such figure as this. But last week, as the April 30 contract deadline neared, Benjamin Fairless, president of US Steel, put an abrupt end to the hopes of President Truman and others who thought industry might heed the handwriting on the wall. "One of the demands of the union is for a substantial wage increase," said Fairless. "Other demands of the union, if granted, would add materially to our already heavy costs. Until these demands are disposed of in the pending negotiations, no real consideration can be given by us to the adequacy or inadequacy of our present steel prices."

Macy's, New York department store, whose motto is "It's Smart to Be Thrifty," found so many of its customers being thrifty in the face of current prices that it took a full-page ad to warn that costs must come down. Its thrifty solution: technological advances and higher labor productivity will do the trick.

Static on FM

Pennsylvania

ALLENTOWN is one of the 114 towns in the United States where the only newspaper and the only radio station are owned in common. A year ago, five young veterans decided to throw some competition into Allentown. From the Federal Communications Commission they got a license to broadcast to the two million people in the Allentown area over radio's static-free wonder medium—FM (the *NR*, February 17). Last week, as the vets pushed construction of their station, interference was crackling through the Allentown air, the kind of interference which recently moved the Commission on Freedom of the Press to urge the government to press "in every way short of subsidy the creation of new units in the [communications] industry."

Under their corporate name, the Penn-Allen Broadcasting Company, the vets had been selling the $75,000 of stock necessary to put them on the air. Sales were going well. Then suddenly they stopped. Through anonymous phone calls and inside tips, the vets began to learn why:

Residents were being told that the veterans were broke, that they wouldn't last the year. A whispering campaign warned prospective stockholders that the company was backed by Jewish money. ("If we were Jewish, which none of us are, we'd be as proud of that blood as we are of the blood we have," said Raymond F. Kohn, Penn-Allen's president.) Residents were told that the vets had no channel assigned to them by the FCC. In the country clubs it was whispered that the transmitting power would endanger surrounding property because it might fall.

The five partners had hired the city's leading law firm to represent them and handle their stock issue. This firm, which also represents the existing newspaper and radio station, said it was "advised" to drop the new FM organization. Reluctantly, the law firm pulled out, withdrew its name from all promotion literature. The vets' bricklayer contractor was warned to lay off the job—that he'd never be paid anyway. In regard to these developments, Kohn said:

"Well, we're learning what it's like to start up in a monopoly town. We called a meeting of our stockholders and offered to buy back their stock. Not one accepted; they're backing us to the finish. We need $30,000 to get on the air.

"Senator O. J. Tallman, majority leader of the Pennsylvania state senate, has agreed to represent us as counsel from here on in, although he risks losing newspaper publicity in his district by standing with us. The five of us did not spend five years each fighting corruption on a global scale only to find it snuffing us out in our own backyard."

Preliminaries

Spain

THE only remaining European ruler to side openly with the late Axis was trying hard to keep his job in an almost friendless world. Last December, Generalissimo Francisco Franco made an offer to Don Juan de Bourbon, waiting since 1935 to fill the Spanish throne deserted by his father. The offer: to train Juan's nine-year-old son for the job under Franco's regency. Franco got an angry reply: "I am not prepared to

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be treated by General Franco as if I were the Sultan of Morocco."

Last week, Franco tried another move. He sent a law of succession to his puppet parliament. It set up a Council of the Kingdom. If Franco died or became incapacitated, the council would select a chief of state who would uphold the basic laws of Spain—for the record still a monarchy.

At home, for once, all opposition circles (including the monarchists) were agreed: the lofty promise to restore the monarchy was obviously a hedge to strengthen Franco's wavering grip on the country. But Franco's words also set off a revived jockeying for top position among his opponents. The monarchists seemed to have the edge. As long ago as last January they had brought together all opposition elements except the Communists to work for a refurbishing of the throne. A number of Spanish generals and colonels of the Falange who looked to the monarchy to save their jobs and necks were among that number.

It was no secret that Britain's Foreign Office had long cultivated friends among high Spanish army officers, Catholic church leaders, aristocrats and businessmen in a quiet effort to achieve a constitutional monarchy—lest communism emerge as Franco's heir in the western Mediterranean. The British had looked coldly at the republican government-in-exile of anti-monarchist José Giral. But he was out now and Rodolfo Llopis, his successor in Paris, hinted that Britain might regard his cabinet with favor if he could agree with some rightists and monarchists.

The US was also about to take an active part in the cozy game. It would offer financial encouragement to those non-Communist Spaniards the State Department judged capable of bringing about a peaceful new regime.

A tip-off came in the appointment of the new US chargé d'affaires in Madrid. Careerman Paul T. Culbertson, outspoken chief of the State Department's Western European division, is opposed to an outright return of the monarchy but would be guided by the American-British-French statement of last year urging the people to set up a caretaker government in place of Franco.

Worst Seller

ONE of the US Government Printing Office's fastest moving items is "Communism in Action," a pamphlet produced last year by the Library of Congress staff which is directed by Representative Everett M. Dirksen (R, Ill.). Dirksen encountered no difficulty recently in getting authorization for a second printing of 500,000 copies.

Representative Wright Patman (D, Tex.) got the library staff to produce a companion pamphlet of 150 pages entitled "Fascism in Action." Early in this session he introduced a resolution to have it, too, printed as a public document. So far, he has not even been able to get a sample copy. He has said that if the House Administration Committee does not report on his measure this week, he will circulate a petition for the 218 signatures needed to by-pass the committee. "It will be interesting to see who refuses," said Patman.

Bugaboo

Civil Liberties

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S executive order of March 22 directing that government service be rechecked for disloyal persons spoke of "a threat to our democratic processes." The threat, undefined by the President beyond the adjective "subversive," has been freely explained since by newspaper allusions to Washington's "Red Purge." The White House kept mum. Last week ex-Governor George H. Earle of Pennsylvania made public a letter, written on February 28, which made the silence seem louder:

Dear Governor:

I appreciate very much your note of February 26 and I am very happy to be informed of your decision with regard to the American Anti-Communist Association. [Earle had resigned.]

People are very much wrought up about the "Communist bugaboo," but I am of the opinion that the country is perfectly safe so far as communism is concerned—we have too many sane people. Our government is made for the welfare of the people, and I don't believe there will come a time when any one will really want to overturn it.

[Signed] Harry Truman

Wanderlust

New York

DURING his 16-year grind as a bus driver, Bill Cimillo appeared to have tuned himself to life's even monotone. He was a model employee of New York's Surface Transportation Corporation. Fourteen times a day he shuttled doggedly across the Bronx, making change, replying to the inevitable questions, relentlessly imploring the crush of commuters to step to the rear. He was a good father to his kids—born to the family in a similar methodical sequence. Like the Bronx, Bill Cimillo's horizon was steady if somewhat repetitious.

Except for a tinge of spring, there was nothing eventful about the morning when, at 7 a.m., Bill wheeled out the familiar 44-passenger Diesel to begin his daily chore. But, unaccountably, something prompted him to turn the snout of No. 1310 away from the beaten trail. On the other side of the Hudson, a company superintendent driving in to work was startled to see the shiny red-and-buff vehicle purring southward. Before the superintendent recovered sufficiently to phone an alarm, the runaway and its lone occupant had disappeared down the open road. Police in 11 states were alerted in vain to intercept the $18,000, vagabond omnibus.

Three days later Western Union delivered a cryptic communiqué to the Bronx: "In Hollywood, Florida. Wire money to come back with. Need money for fuel oil. Will drive back. [Signed] Bill Cimillo." It was all up. Police closed in and clapped the truant into the Hollywood jail, next to the cell of a man who insisted his name was really J. Edgar Hoover. A grand jury quickly returned an indictment for first-degree grand larceny. A New York detective was dispatched to bring back the defendant. Bill Cimillo remained philosophical:

"The fellows at the bus company will understand, I'm sure."

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Washington Wire

Dewey v. Truman in '48

THE political prospect in brief is: Dewey will run against Truman in 1948, and win. The qualifications are two: Taft may deadlock the convention, when he or a dark horse might be nominated; and Truman might beat Dewey. Neither of these chances seems overlikely now.

Truman's Jefferson Day dinner speech indicates his campaign platform. His popularity has been increasing. Short of death, he will be the Democratic candidate. Undoubtedly his position has improved, but Washington observers still think Dewey would have the edge. However, the Republicans seem bent on knocking themselves out, and we must never underestimate their capacities in that direction. More seriously, Truman can't win without the independent voters. Democratic advisers know this. Liberals probably hold the balance of power.

Dewey is an opportunist. Neither GOP politicians nor correspondents like him much. But he is hard, efficient, effective. He didn't get far against Roosevelt; Truman might be easier.

Taft, of course, is a possibility. As Taft introduces his new labor bill he will share the Washington spotlight. But the Lilienthal fight really showed Taft up. Call it what you will, his opposition to internationalizing the atom bomb, his attack on the Acheson-Lilienthal-Baruch program, are really isolationism. It's hard to conceive of the public taking him.

Does Vandenberg have a chance? His development is fascinating. Three years ago he was an isolationist, as conservative as Taft. Then something happened. Vandenberg grew; Taft didn't. But again it's hard to see the GOP picking Vandenberg. Take the Lilienthal fight: most Republicans (31) voted for recommittal with Taft; only 18 supported Vandenberg. Taft still has pretty much of a mortgage on the Senate Republicans.

In Chicago a Democratic reform candidate for mayor, Martin H. Kennelly, has beaten the GOP party hack put up by Colonel McCormick. Observers have long wondered when the improvement in municipal politics that struck New York a quarter-century ago would finally reach Chicago. Kennelly may help it along if the Kelly Democratic machine isn't too powerful. Meanwhile the state GOP is further weakened by the apparent participation of Republican Governor Green in the shakedown of coal operators prior to the Centralia explosion. These are not decisive political factors. But they all illustrate two things: the '48 presidential race may be closer than anybody expected and the power of the independent, progressive vote is thereby tremendously enhanced.

IT isn't considered polite to mention corporation profits in Washington news dispatches, and we approach the delicate subject with natural hesitation. As the *Wall Street Journal* noted in a modest paragraph last week:

> Corporation profits climbed to an annual rate of $15 billion in 1947's first quarter, the Commerce Department calculates. That's $3 billion above 1946 profits. Field offices report businessmen are worried about public reaction to these profits and continued high prices.

You can see that the whole thing is pretty darn embarrassing. First of all, Congress knocked off the excess-profits tax. That was almost its first reconversion measure. It meant billions for corporations. Then the OPA and the price-control system went overboard. That meant present high prices and more billions. Meanwhile generous tax refunds from the Treasury (intended to help business reconvert to peace) were paid out to corporations and actually met a large share of their 1946 strike losses. Now comes the new House tax bill to aid millionaires. More billions here. And all this time the richest market in the world, and profits never before known in war or peace! Well, the thing can't last. A new wage-price-profits relationship must come. The Easter sales weren't up to expectations, some goods are piling up and retailers like Macy's are swinging over to support consumers against exorbitant manufacturers' prices. What comes next? A big shake-out. How big we don't know, but certainly some unemployment.

Don't think, however, that conservative congressmen are licked. One genial GOP leader in a relaxed moment explained to us all about it. It's going to be a "stabilizing recession," he said. (Isn't that a cute phrase?) There will be maybe eight million unemployed, and that will make labor behave. The real crack-up, however, won't come for five or ten years. And when it does—why, it will be high time to think of increased tariffs. Working men must be taught the danger of foreign goods flooding American markets. Our man seemed quite chipper about the whole affair. And why shouldn't he be, with most newspapers still attacking labor and as blushingly timorous about the word "profits" as a Sunday-school teacher is of the word "sex"?

NOTES.—Truman's first veto is likely to be the phony portal-pay legislation, which is actually an attack on the wage-hour law. . . . GOP appropriation-bill slashes, reckless as they are, come nowhere near meeting the proposed cuts in the Truman budget; what may save the Republican's bacon is the Treasury tax surplus still piling up. . . . Western Republicans are in violent revolt against the bill for proposed cuts in the Interior Department; proposed GOP cuts in Army-Navy appropriations are being quietly dropped. . . . All the suits against the OPA chiselers and black-marketeers would be ended under a pending resolution by Representative Dirksen (R, Ill.); this amnesty of course would not extend to conscientious objectors.

Washington T. R. B.

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Henry Wallace

A Bad Case of Fever

WE AMERICANS are not a calm and reflective people. The same traits which built a great nation—youth, vigor, enthusiasm—can be dangerous when turned to evil purpose. Americans, since the foundation of the Republic, have been overready to see Jacobins, Bolsheviks or Communists under the bed. Such hallucinations unbalanced us following World War I, but after a few years, our sanity began to reassert itself. Now the disease has returned. The shrieking of the press, the war whoops in Congress, the foaming of professional patriots, the awful dangers which are hinted at in the recent presidential executive order requiring federal employees to be screened for loyalty—all these are designed to give the average American a fever, a bad case of Red fever. If a man's fever goes high enough, unless you watch him carefully there is no telling what he may do.

Several ways are open to treat the disease. One is to discover its causes, to remove them wherever possible and to offset their damaging effects. The loud noises, for example, made by the press and Congress are clearly continuing to make the patient's condition worse. Admittedly, the noise is difficult to stop, but it might be offset partially by a few intelligible words of common reason.

Another therapy is to pretend to the patient that his hallucinations are justified, that these are real, concrete causes which have made him ill. This is the technique of the witch doctor exorcising evil spirits. To make it more plausible, a few innocent victims are hunted down, flayed and boiled. Presumably, the patient then gets better. This would appear to be what the Administration considers a rational and scientific approach.

To many others, the testing operation, the litmus paper for loyalty which is proposed in the President's executive order, appears manifestly absurd. For one thing, the operation bears no relation to the size of the real problem. J. Edgar Hoover says that when Russia was taken over by the Communists, the country contained one Communist for each 2,227 persons, while today in the United States there is one Communist for each 1,814—the inference being clearly that the US is in more danger now than Russia was in 1917. Even if Hoover's statistics were true—and I do not know where he gets them—he is overlooking other factors which are of overriding importance. Russia in 1917 was not and never had been a democracy. Her despotic government had been smashed by a great war and the nation was utterly prostrate and helpless. To suggest that 77,000 Communists—on the basis of Hoover's statistics—could take over an American nation of 140 million people is too fantastic to deserve serious consideration.

I share the confusion of many other people in interpreting the President's formula for smelling out Reds in the government. It appears that from now on the Attorney General will form all final judgments on this subject for the American people. We are told that disloyal persons will no longer be tolerated in the government; so far, so good, though there is no clear definition of what is meant by the word "disloyal" either in the President's order or anywhere else. Among the conclusive bases for evidence is to be "membership in, affiliation with or *sympathetic association* with any foreign or domestic association . . . *designated by the Attorney General* as totalitarian, fascist, Communist or subversive. . . ." (Italics mine. – H. W.) Now it becomes a little clearer what the President means. The way to determine whether or not a man is loyal is to let the Attorney General declare whether or not he is disloyal. If he is declared disloyal, that shows he is not loyal. Q. E. D.

IS THERE any reason to believe that our witch hunt will be successful? Many thoughtful students of history have already warned us that the best way to make the Communists a real threat is to drive them underground. To this I would add that one sure way to unsettle the faith of non-Communists in their government is for that government to badger and bait innocent men.

Certainly there can be no doubt that every government executive should have the right to dispense with subordinates who have shown themselves incapable of giving undivided, unqualified allegiance and fealty to the oath which they took on becoming public servants. I would not want as a colleague on the *New Republic* one who in his off-hours preached the sermons of reaction; I would not want the contents of the paper leaked in advance to some daily scribbler for another sheet. I have the right to demand that my co-workers be with me, and our government has the right to know that its servants

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are members of the same team and are neither scouting nor stooging for another.

In 1798, this country went through a Red scare similar in some respects to the one we are experiencing today. The French Revolution which had recently taken place frightened conservatives in this country quite as much as the Russian Revolution frightens them now. The Alien and Sedition Laws of 1798 were designed to have substantially the same effect as the recent presidential executive order, except that they affected people in private life as well as those working for the government. They prescribed fines and imprisonment for those who combined to oppose any measure of the government, impeded the operation of any law, intimidated any officer of the United States in the discharge of his duty, or uttered or published false, scandalous and malicious statements tending to bring the government of the United States or its officers into disrepute, or to excite the hatred of the people for that government.

In so far as President Truman's executive order tends to punish people for their beliefs and not for their acts, it goes even farther than the laws of 1798; but what was done under those laws remains a shameful blot on our national history. Editors of papers supporting the political party out of power were jailed, or ruined with heavy fines, for writing editorials critical of the Administration. People were sent to prison for heckling pro-Administration speakers at public meetings. Among those who protested these laws were Marshall, Hamilton and Jefferson; and it is probable that the existence of these statutes contributed to the overthrow, at the national election two years later, of the party that had been in power.

JUST after World War I, we had another period of hysteria which, in retrospect, seems to have been equally inexcusable. A group of Socialist members of the New York State Assembly were expelled solely on the ground of their party affiliation. Magazines were held up in the Post Office; others had their mailing privileges revoked entirely. Teachers and ministers were muzzled. Under federal or state laws, people got long prison terms for belonging to "seditious" organizations even though it was proved in court that the individual in question was not aware of the "seditious" purpose of the group. The situation was well described by Katharine Fullerton Gerould in *Harper's* in 1922:

> America is no longer a free country, in the old sense; and liberty is, increasingly, a mere rhetorical figure. . . . No thinking citizen, I venture to say, can express in freedom more than a part of his honest convictions. Everywhere, on every hand, free speech is choked off in one direction or another. The only way in which an American citizen who is really interested in all the social and political problems of his country can preserve any freedom of expression is to choose the mob that is most sympathetic to him and to abide under the shadow of that mob.

In our present welter of fear and confusion there are a few propositions to keep before us—propositions as indisputable in the science of social behavior as those of Euclid in geometry.

We must not forfeit our democracy in the effort to preserve it. Aristotle knew that the way to offset any quality is by the use of its opposite. Hunger is fought by food, cold by heat, intolerance by tolerance, hysteria by calm, totalitarianism by democracy. One cannot abolish the ideas of terror and secret police by the use of terror and secret police.

THE President's executive order seems to me a violation of the fundamental safeguards of Anglo-Saxon justice in that it provides for no hearing in a regularly constituted court, no trial by jury, or review or appeal to the existing higher courts. On the contrary, the execution of this inquisitorial mandate is placed in the hands of people who, on a basis of past record and public utterance, have certainly not been conspicuous for their sympathy with the ideals of freedom of thought and expression.

All past history supports the prediction that any Red hunt which receives official blessing such as is given in the President's executive order is bound to injure many innocent victims. It is undesirable not only from the standpoint of fundamental American ideals of fair play, but on the narrowest grounds of self-interest. If the security of the nation is in danger, if our welfare is at stake, we need more good public servants, not fewer. How many self-respecting men of ability, however deep their love of country, will suffer the risk of being besmirched by individuals like some of those now most active in the effort to separate sheep from goats?

The current witch hunt will tend to drive from public service the man who has ever read a book, had an idea, supported the ideals of Roosevelt or fought fascism. If the President and his advisers are right, it will not keep out of public service the Communists, who are, we are told, so sly and devilish that they can elude detection. It will work against the non-Communist liberal; he will think twice, and more than twice, before he risks being caught in the net which is flung so widely. The new witch hunt will inhibit the free flow of thought and interchange of ideas which are so vital to national security and progress in a rapidly changing world.

We have little to fear from communism if we make our democracy work, if we keep our country fully employed, prosperous and at peace. This is not an easy task; perhaps that is why so many men find it more to their taste to spread hatred, fear and dissension. But easy or not, it is our task. Let us get to it. H. W.

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The Man We Remember

by Henry Wallace

Now, two years after Franklin D. Roosevelt's death, there keeps returning to me the memory of those great qualities which he had in so large a measure and which today are so lacking in our national leadership. He had, first of all, a surpassing talent for improvisation, an ability to call forth genius to flesh out his dreams. He had, secondly, an overwhelmingly infectious humanity, a quality of affection that radiated from him to his countrymen and was returned with the same intensity. He had, lastly, that huge sense of destiny which grew and grew over the years until it almost completely obscured his human faults and failings and made him, while he still lived, part of the American legend.

Roosevelt was a masterful improviser. He caught at ideas like an artist, absorbed them, implemented them, rejected them as soon as his imagination caught a fresher note that served his broad purposes better. He came to Washington in the spring of 1933, to a city paralyzed by the dead hand of custom and habit. He destroyed the paralysis by rejecting all the patterns of convention and throwing the doors of Washington open to the men whom the "practical" world called crackpots. He arrived with no inflexible code of ideas; within a month he had made our Capital the most powerful center of fresh thought in the Western world. Dreamers and planners, schemers and politicians, poured in, all of them magnetized by the man in the White House whose eyes sparkled when he heard them talk.

My first conversation with Roosevelt was in the summer of 1932 when he first broached the shelter-belt idea to me. Roosevelt was a great lover of trees; the concept of a belt of trees stretching across the continent and sheltering the arid plains had long intrigued him. He thought the shelter-belt might even change the climate of the continent. Though experts disagreed with him on his concept of climatology, it bothered Roosevelt but little. He wanted a continental shelter-belt and a year later men were planting it. His detailed planning, his mastery of the hard facts that went into grand schemes was sometimes faulty—but the grand schemes themselves were his domain. In a city of small-minded men, he collected them like a connoisseur.

Other ideas came to him similarly from all quarters. He knew that something had to be done quickly to reverse the spiral of deflation. The actual technique was a matter for experts to work out. Homer Cummings, several others and myself were convinced very early that the point of attack on deflation was the price of gold. We felt it must be raised. I suggested that the President call in Professor George A. Warren and James Harvey Rogers (author of *America Weighs Her Gold*). Roosevelt received them, listened to them and installed them immediately in an office in the Department of Commerce. There he put them to work on the technique of a new gold program and almost overnight the Administration had a new gold policy.

The times were such as to make broad and sweeping acts permissible, and this was the nature of his own temperament. He throve on sweeping new concepts. It was suggested to Roosevelt that he set up a Commodity Credit Corporation as a possible mechanism for handling gold purchase. We set up a corporation with sweeping powers under the laws of Delaware. It was never used for gold purchase—but it served a dozen other purposes; Roosevelt heartily applauded as we used it to issue farm loans on cotton, corn, wheat. Later it traded extra cotton for rubber and the American people had 20 million extra automobile tires as a result.

The trail-blazer

People forget the hard times of the early thirties. Those were the days when farmers in northern Iowa jerked a judge off the bench in a foreclosure case, when a physical revolt of our farming population was going on not only against misery and failure, but against law and order, too. We used the Commodity Credit Corporation to double corn prices with four-percent, non-recourse loans. Roosevelt gave us the gree

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light and off we went. When Jesse Jones objected to an interest rate as low as four percent, Roosevelt said to me, "Tell Jesse not to be a chiseler."

All ideas were grist for Roosevelt's mind—reciprocal-trade pacts, youth projects, conservation camps, labor-relations boards, agricultural-assistance schemes. As the Supreme Court would invalidate them or as they became outmoded by the passage of a crisis, Franklin Roosevelt would pass on to more dynamic concepts. His enthusiasm for ideas continued to the very end. He delighted in the term "United Nations," which he coined. He zestfully discussed with Winston Churchill the creation of a new world currency the unit of which was to be a "dimo."

The human being

THERE was a radiant warmth about Roosevelt's personality. It touched all who worked with him directly, and reached further to touch the millions who voted for him term after term. He conducted his cabinet meetings with a spirit of joy and irreverence; sometimes I wonder what they would have been like without Madame Secretary.

The Roosevelt charm was a tool of which he was fully aware; he used it consciously. He believed he could talk any man into loyalty, into continuing to work for him despite the bitterness of outside attacks. Sometimes he failed; more often he succeeded. In January, 1945, Madame Perkins was ready to resign her post as Secretary of Labor; she had cleaned out her desk and wound up her affairs. But on inauguration day Franklin Roosevelt turned the full charm of his personality on her and she stayed.

He absorbed his ideas usually in conversation, for he loved good talk. At the end of a day he delighted to sit down with a drink, surrounded by sparkling talkers, and let conversation ripple around him. He loved to ramble himself—about his boyhood, about his travels abroad in his youth, about personal adventures and speculations. From the talk of others Roosevelt would pick choice nuggets of information, well turned phrases, novel suggestions that he would incorporate into his own speeches and thinking.

His mind, like a curiosity shop, stored up odd items—of fact, history and folklore. Its diversity astonished some of the more plodding and pedestrian politicians, who would stand wrapped in wonder while Roosevelt aired his enormous fund of accumulated knowledge.

His geniality and warmth knew no self-consciousness. I remember accompanying him on a trip to the drought area in 1936. His entourage would stop its inspections from time to time to talk to the stricken farmers and Roosevelt would speak to them in his polished Harvard accent. Never for a moment did he seem to suspect that this was not the authentic idiom of the plains, nor was there ever a hint of patronizing or a trace of self-consciousness. And the farmers loved him for it.

Perhaps the most startling of all the intimate qualities of his mind was his spectacular spatial memory. He could remember strange streets, bays, oceans, harbors, countrysides with almost total visual recall. During the war his knowledge of maps, distances and physical barriers was invaluable. (Usually, he was right, but sometimes he was wrong.) He remembered the depths of waters on marine charts, the heights of mountains, the quality of roads and highways. He loved to draw plans of buildings; he drew rough ones for the construction and placing of many a new building in Washington. Some he loved; others, like the Pentagon, he loathed.

This quality he extended to his vision of America, as a country. No man saw the nation more clearly as a geographic whole than Roosevelt did. He thought of it in terms of watersheds and rivers rather than in terms of states. He could catch great geophysical ideas quicker than any other man with whom I worked in the government. I remember bringing to him the original program of the soil-conservation districts. He grasped the idea instantly and the next day we had his letter, setting forth our ideas as to a state law, on its way to each of the 48 Governors.

His conviction of destiny

ROOSEVELT always had with him, too, the special conviction of destiny—that his was a great age of history, and that he was born to act in and dominate these times.

The world beyond America closed on Roosevelt gradually. For years he toyed with the idea that Italy was friendly, that the fascists in Europe did not mean to fight for keeps. It was only by degrees that the conviction grew on him that this was a struggle which must eventually strike at American security and American destiny. And as the conviction entered his thinking, it gradually stole from him his lightheartedness.

It was not until the spring of 1938 and the Austrian crisis that Roosevelt realized that this was a time of war that might sweep America with it. From then on, with the conviction of struggle to come, Roosevelt maneuvered deftly to make ready his people. Hitler and Mussolini were mad dogs susceptible to force alone, but the American people were unaware of it. It was true that Roosevelt did not force through appropriations heavy enough to meet the dangers that were clearly developing, that he did not stockpile sufficient materials to meet inescapable demands. But Roosevelt had the politician's master sense of what was possible. He stood between the reality of the outside world, whose dangers he understood, and a people who lived in blithe ignorance of all these dangers. His great consideration was to create public opinion that would tolerate even a minimum of preparedness.

Free men in a free society

THE war itself oppressed him. He disliked the easy bandying about of the word "victory" in government drives. At times he seemed moved by a feeling that America might possibly fail in her goals. "This is going to take everything we've got, and even then we may not win," he said soon after war broke out.

Perhaps not even during the war did Roosevelt evolve a complete philosophy. He played by ear, conscious of all the conflicting elements he led, seeking to reconcile them in each new crisis by new ideas and fresh thinking. I believe that any other approach to the problems of his times would probably have failed. His unending search for an ever new equilibrium in men and affairs beyond the confines of a doctrinaire philosophy may, I think, in itself have been the approach to a philosophy for free men in a free society.

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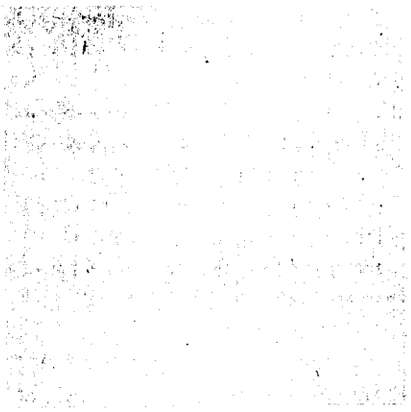

by Constantine Poulos

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THE sudden death of King George II will have no immediate effect on the internal situation in Greece. In the long view, the ascendance of Prince Paul to the throne is bound to aggravate civil strife here.

King George enjoyed the full confidence of the British Conservatives and of the British Foreign Office. Prince Paul does not. The late King more or less kept himself quietly in the background of the current Greek political scene, adding nothing except a passive acquiescence to the extreme policies of the royalist right-wing government which acted in his name. The new King is not likely to stay out of the picture.

Whereas King George tried to maintain the fiction that he was the Chief of State and not the leader of a political party, it is believed that Prince Paul will openly and actively support the Royalist Popular Party and will strongly encourage the continuation of the present Royalist government's "dynamic policy" which seeks to outlaw the Republican Left and most of the Center. This conclusion is based on Paul's past record.

Although he need not have taken an active role in the prewar dictatorship, Paul was the willing leader of the fascist National Organization of Youth which had been established by General John Metaxas, the dictator, in 1936.

His advisers at that time, during the war and after the liberation of Greece, have been the leftover extremist elements of the Metaxas dictatorship, most of whom the Premier of the Greek Government-in-Exile, Emanuel Tsouderos, eventually removed from office.

The greatest influence on Paul, who is not noted for his ability to make up his own mind, is his pretty little wife, the German-born Princess Frederika, whom he married during the pro-German dictatorship. She is clever, capable and an extremely ambitious woman. A centrist newspaper once characterized her as a "strange mixture of the Hohenzollerns and Hitler." In Egypt, during the occupation of Greece, she kept herself in the limelight organizing relief activities and social benefits, while, in the background, she actively mixed in the bitter Greek politics.

Back in Greece, following the plebiscite last September, the Princess led Paul all over Greece on public appearances. Anxious to eradicate the German stigma, she went out of her way to wear the national costumes of the various provinces they visited. In Athens, she has cleverly cultivated all foreign diplomatic circles and was particularly useful in impressing important foreign visitors with the justice of the Royalist cause.

Liberal Party circles are already indicating their increased uneasiness over Paul's ascension to the throne and are insisting that their opposition to the Royal House of Greece, all of which they consider implicated in the establishment of the Metaxas dictatorship, will continue unabated.

By fate the royal succession took place in a week which was also a turning point of British ascendancy over its historical Balkan outpost. For the first time since mid-October, 1944, there were no British sentries standing guard before the various buildings in Athens housing British military units—a sign marking the end of Great Britain's political, military and economic prominence in Greek affairs and the failure of British policy in Greece.

British policy was based on Winston Churchill's insistence that only the Greek Royalist right wing could hold Greece within the British sphere of influence. The acquiescence by the British Embassy here and by the British military to the policies of the Greek right wing has always been taken in Greece as a positive endorsement of these policies and as an encouragement to go further. In time, the Greek monarchists, who had practically no mass following left when the liberation took place, were strong enough to ignore their British patrons.

THE new King, who has no Greek blood and has spent less than seven of the last 24 years inside the country, faces a nation divided and impoverished and a weary people who are cynical and bitter. Upon him now rests a great deal of the responsibility of whether that division and the poverty and misery are to be continued. Besides the Royalist right wing, the King will also have most of the army and the gendarmerie officers, who are themselves a state within a state, on his side.

This is a government which, by its refusal to exercise any internal controls or to concern itself with economic planning, has indicated a complete ignorance and indifference to the needs of the Greek people, and has driven thousands of them into the ranks of the extreme Left.

The Greek Left, full of plans and a program for the economic reconstruction of the nation, is now on the outside looking in, and its supporters are naturally prepared to use the help of the "north" (the guerrilla movement in the mountains) to get on the inside. That is a strong, well disciplined movement whose Socialist proposals are gaining additional support daily; and the government's negative policy of attempting to ignore or annihilate its members only succeeds in making them stronger.

The ascension to the throne of Paul will not slow down the unswerving campaign of the Left against the monarchist Right. Today, most of the Greek people would follow a moderate Socialist policy if any strong party could break through the morass of the present political scene. But virtually every Greek feels that in this day of big-power politics he must go along with the parties that have the wholehearted support of either the Eastern or the Western powers.

Inevitably this weakens the moderate and liberal parties and their leaders.

INTO this picture now steps King Paul, a headstrong but not particularly bright young man who has been preparing himself all his life for this hour. Very few people in Athens are hopeful today that he will take the sanest course of action, which would be that of leading a bloodless solution to the problems of Greece.

Although fretful over the immediate future, these observers say that the ascension of Paul to the throne may have significant results in that his anticipated reactionary policies will bring matters to a head much sooner than if King George II had lived. Paul's background would appear to bear out their predictions that he will take a much more active part in the government than his brother did, and that he will press for strong-arm handling of affairs, and that this may lead to more oppression and to further reductions of civil liberties.

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How Much Did We Make This Time?

by Harold Wolff

Patience, a degree in accounting, and a cynical nature are needed to pry the truth out of annual corporate reports

THIS YEAR, about twenty million "see-how-wonderful-we-are" gems, otherwise known as Annual Reports, will wend their way to the owners of United States corporate business. How many avoid the quick road from mailbox to wastebasket, no one will ever know. But these documents, the products of some of America's brightest business brains, deserve something more than the indifference with which they are often rewarded.

So great a degree of care, ingenuity and pure art is lavished in the preparation of most annual reports that by now their appearance has become as fiercely competitive as Hollywood. Each year the *Financial World* offers awards for the best reports in each industry, and the boys vie for them as producers do for Oscars.

Some reports, to be sure, are pretty dull stuff. The American Agricultural Chemical Company takes only four prim pages of figures to tell its stockholders its 43-million-dollar story. On the other hand, the Diamond Match Company once went to the length of 272 pages of lushly illustrated text to tell its tale of the great north woods and the lore of the lumberman. General Mills this year produced a supplementary report in the form of a Technicolor short. Pepsi-Cola's president, Walter Mack, invited stockholders to a series of "Pepsi-Cola family parties" at which the annual report was discussed, and sandwiches and Pepsi-Cola were served to all.

The annual report is supposed to tell the stockholders, with appropriate figures, how well or ill the business they own has fared and what its prospects appear to be. But in setting out to do this it finds itself caught in a dilemma over how much or how little to tell. On one hand there is the older close-fisted business tradition, nurtured in the front office, of telling little or nothing. On the other there is the newer approach of the public-relations chief, who has a story to sell and wants to make the whole world share his enthusiasm for the ins and outs of his business.

After all, the public-relations man tells the corporation, every firm listed on the exchange has to file with the Securities and Exchange Commission a form, 10K, that must make a lot of relevant information available to the public. Why not, then, let the president take down his corporate hair and tell the folks something about the company? About the outlook for next year? About the new plants? About the new products? Why not let the president make a statement about how taxes are stifling business? Why not dress the whole thing up pretty? Reproduce a George Inness on the front cover in full color, like General Foods. Or maybe both Technicolor like General Mills *and* sandwiches *à la* Pepsi-Cola.

But the difficulty is that you cannot tell five, 10 or 100,000 stockholders just how you are managing their business without making the same information available to the curious eyes of labor leaders, consumers and competitors, all of whom are constantly trying to learn everything they can about how you do things. Can National Dairy tell how much it is making from its textiles-from-milk Aralac operations without whetting the appetites of other milk companies? Should Coca-Cola discuss with its stockholders the runs, hits and errors of the Atlanta baseball team which the company owns? Should General Tire discuss the plans for its six radio stations? Is silence really golden, or is it wiser to talk?

All the ultimate answers that appear

Drawings by Robert Osborn

ONE SELF-PORTRAIT FOR THE TAX PEOPLE—ANOTHER FOR THE INVESTOR

Harold Wolff served in the Overseas Branch of the OWI during the war and is now an economist for a large national corporation. As a free-lance writer he has contributed to Life, Liberty, Coronet *and other magazines.*

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in the reports the mailman brings are whipped into final shape in the public-relations office of the corporation. There, during annual-report season, one of the classic rites of American business is consummated. Behind an array of paper cups and butt-littered ashtrays cowers the director of public relations. Through the haze he hoarsely argues with himself about the net figures. "It's too much. I can just see the headlines: 'All Time Profit Record Topped Again By. . . .' No, we've got to bury it somewhere. . . ." By now his assembled staff is feeble from weeks of this same procedure, but not too weak for someone to remind: "Yeah, but the boss says we got to show a better earnings ratio than. . . . Yeah, I know. . . . But, God, when the goddam union sees. . . . And the League of Women Shoppers called again today. . . . Yeah, I know. . . . Oh, what the hell, pour me another, Harry."

Behind those dull columns of "Assets" and "Liabilities" there are drama, blood and sweat—and many a stomach ulcer. Usually the making of the annual report starts with a memorandum addressed to each of the company officers, asking for suggestions. Then the fur starts flying. Smith, with an eye on that soon-to-be-vacant first-vice-presidency, wants it proclaimed to the world that his new synthetic-girdle operation is doing 12.6 percent of the gross but earning 17.2 of the profit. Jones, whose corset operation is going the way of all flesh, would just as soon keep the details unpublished. Brown, whom the boys call familiarly "vice-president in charge of finger waving," mutters something about "why tell the bastards anything?"—the epithet including broadly the stockholders, the competition and, of course, the union wage negotiators.

A product of artistry

OCCASIONALLY, there emerges from this miasma a real triumph of public relations over the hush-hush, or ostrich, attitude. The annual report of the Caterpillar Tractor Company is frankly addressed to both stockholders and employees. Assuming a normal interest and IQ, it can be read without the aid of slide rule or logarithmic tables. It shows how Caterpillar business is related to national trends in business volume, in employment, in wages. The same high standards are to be found in the current Borden report, which, in addition, offers the most informative breakdown of sales in the history of large corporation reporting.

But these are exceptions. The reader who plows through an average report is dealing with the product of artistry rather than of factual technique. A group of extremely shrewd men have tried to arrive at a compromise which will satisfy the stockholders' curiosity while revealing no information of vital importance. This practice has led the dean of the American accounting profession, George O. May of Price, Waterhouse and Company, an outstanding firm in this field, to warn that one of the great dangers of our present financial setup under the SEC is the mistaken idea that stockholders are now necessarily better informed than they used to be. Another highly successful public accountant, Kenneth MacNeal, writes that, "The publication of a profit-and-loss statement which is complete and truthful in the economic sense must be a rare accident." And the American Institute of Accountants has urged the New York Stock Exchange to "bring about a better recognition by the investing public of the fact that the balance sheet of a large corporation does not and should not be expected to show the present values of the assets and liabilities of the corporation."

For those who want to learn how to read annual reports, a guide is offered by H. A. Finney, Ph.B., CPA, a noted accountant and teacher with long experience in the preparation of these documents. He says, "Read them with a grain of salt," and adds these warnings:

1. Some men are liars.

2. Two equally able and equally honest accountants may differ widely.

WHICH PAGE DO YOU READ?

First, as to the ugly matter of lying. Every annual report bears some kind of "certification." This is a sort of invocation by the accountants who audit the report, and, on the surface, sounds like a promise to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help them God.

Once over lightly

ON close examination, the letter of certification often reveals what the auditors do not wish to be held responsible for. Thus in the current GE report the auditor's letter says: "We have examined the balance sheet of the General Electric Company . . . without making a detailed audit of the transactions." This rather frank statement points up the fact that the independent auditors who prepare the annual report often merely review the company's figures and see to it that they have made no mistakes in arithmetic. And, at that—in the case of GE—they want it known that they did not confirm the details; they saw only the gross totals after the corporation's high-level accountants had finished setting the figures.

To take an extreme case of what "certification" may actually mean, remember the famous McKesson and Robbins swindle which came to light in 1938. Over a period of many years the firm's president, an ex-convict operating under an alias, had defrauded his

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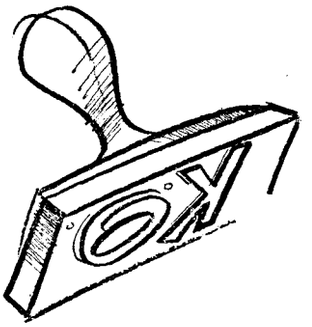
firm of millions of dollars and had manipulated accounts so as to conceal his thefts. But in 1938 Price, Waterhouse had declared to the stockholders that the firm's accounts "fairly present, in accordance with accepted principles of accounting . . . the position of the combined companies. . . ." This is, actually, no reflection on the honesty or brightness of the Price, Waterhouse accountants. It merely dramatizes just how little the auditor's certification may mean on the annual report you got in the mail this morning.

Who's right?

AND how much should you rely on the glowing statement in which the company's president invariably damns government interference with business, but always promises—even in spite of such interference—to turn up a good profit next year? On that touchy subject, Arthur Stone Dewing, one-time professor at the Harvard Business School, writes in his classic *Financial Policy of Corporations*: "Financial literature abounds with well authenticated cases in which the same directors, who were outwardly seeking to support the company's credit by persistent reassurances to the stockholder, were at the very same time selling their own shares and even hastening the inevitable catastrophe by selling stock short." Fortunately for your peace of mind, though, the most flagrant examples of such practices belong to the days before Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal.

So much for Dr. Finney's warning that "some men are liars." But outright dishonesty is not the major obstacle in the path of an eager annual-report reader.

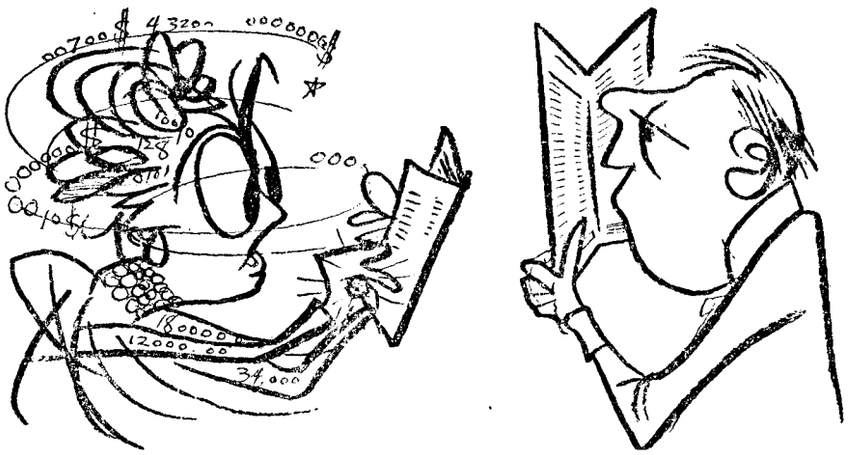
Of much more concern is the caution that even honest men differ widely on accounting practices. The varying techniques make presentation of figures to suit the purpose at hand surprisingly easy. This appears most clearly when a corporation wants to develop two different figures for two different purposes. In 1940, for example, Western Union, in order to show a high profit to its stockholders, told them in the main body of its annual report that only $8.2 million had to be set aside for depreciation. In the less well read tax section of the same report, however, Western Union admitted it had reported a depreciation reserve of more than $11 million to the government in order to lessen taxable income. The contradictory figures were developed by equally legitimate accounting practices. Only Western Union knows which, if either, figure was correct.



Or take the case of Amerada Petroleum, a small but definitely blue-chip oil company. Its annual report is a thing of beauty, and—on second glance—of wonder. It lists splendid earnings and handsome profits. The company has not missed a dividend since 1922; and in 1944, with gross profits of $17 million and a net of $5 million, it raised its dividend from $2 to $3 a share. But its stockholders' report for that year showed no item for taxes on income or surplus profits. This caught the eye of one keen investment analyst, who looked into the detailed report which the company had filed with the SEC. There he found that Amerada actually had paid $200,000 in taxes, but this was less than it had paid in previous years when its income was lower. And it had paid no excess-profits tax at all.

The answer to this is another study in accounting legerdemain. It so happens that each year, any oil company can claim that its oil properties have been depleted by 27.5 percent of its gross income. The fact that after four years, this figure of depletion comes to 110 percent has never seemed to bother Congress, solicitous for the future of the oil companies. In addition, by law Amerada is permitted to charge off costs of developing new wells as operating expenses, though the rest of us would have to list such expenses as capital outlays. So, by these perfectly legitimate deductions, Amerada was able to show a pitiable state of affairs to the government. But to its stockholders, everything was rosy. But what if its report to the government is nearer the truth? What if it is really depleting its oil reserves? What if its extensive drilling operations strike nothing of value? *Fortune*, after analyzing Amerada's success with a not unfriendly eye, added that "Amerada's present affluence and serenity are also due to luck." If luck should run out, those annual reports are going to look awfully silly.

But these are special cases, each with its own peculiarities. What can be said in general about the figures presented in the ordinary annual report? As George O. May puts it, they are "the reflections of opinions subject to a wide margin of error." And accountants differ furiously among themseves in their opinions. Suppose, for example,



TRY FIGURING IT OUT FOR YOURSELF

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you look down the column of figures in an annual report and note that a dividend was paid out of capital surplus. An innocuous enough item, you might think. William Wrentz, an SEC accountant writing in the authoritative *Journal of Accountancy,* not only gives the practice his blessing, but adds that "no one will dispute the arguments in favor of dividends from paid-in surplus." But if you asked Colonel Robert Montgomery, another noted accountant and author, his opinion of this practice, he would say, "It comes close to moral turpitude." W. A. Paton, an outstanding teacher of accounting, would tell you that "such a dividend deserves the general condemnation accorded it by accountants," and that "it is deplorable that it is given legal sanction."

V.P. FOR GIRDLES

Any accountant can take you on a guided tour of an annual report and kick each figure around for hours, if you can follow the intricacies involved.

Some of these items are of such importance that a variation in accounting procedure can change the entire impression of the report. Consider, for instance, the innocent item marked "surplus." Using one method of accounting this item, the Radio Corporation of America reported a net income of $95 million in the 14 years from 1922 to 1935, an annual average of $6.8 million. But if they had followed a more conservative and more orthodox procedure in handling their surplus account, their average net income for the period would have appeared as $700,000 a year, or about one-tenth of what they actually showed in their annual report.

Light for the layman

THIS is, of course, highly technical stuff. But it has wide implications. The stock of RCA—thanks to its annual-report policy—was one of the leaders in the market speculations of the late twenties, and also one of the leaders in the pell-mell collapse that followed.

But, if annual reports are so full of intricacies, is there any point in looking at them or studying them at all? The answer, gleaned from talking to a cross section of accounting professors and public accountants, is—yes and no. Professor Edwin Frickey of Harvard, one of the country's outstanding teachers of the subject, gives a famous course in which students spend months analyzing just a few corporation reports. And an investment analyst will take weeks or even months to reach any conclusion on the meaning of a single annual report. What about the rest of us? T. H. Sanders speaks for the professional accountants when he cautions: "As for the man in the street or 'the casual investor,' no sensible person will assume the responsibility for proposing any accounting procedure whatever on the ground that it will place these financial dilettantes on an equal footing with serious students of the subject."

In case you don't want to be on an equal footing, but would just like to get some idea as to how your pet corporation is doing, what then? In the first place, never look at one year's figures alone. It is the comparison with past figures that sheds some light on what the company may do in the future. Then if you are really to understand any one company, you must first have some idea of the entire industry in which it functions. So get the reports of other firms that are in the same or a similar business. A little study of the over-all problems and prospects of the industry will help, too. For example, the present crop of rubber-company reports will make little sense to you unless you are well up on the debate now going on in Washington over future government policy in the buying of raw rubber and the development of synthetics.

And when you have done all this, there is one more thing to remember: a company's earnings may have no relation to the strange behavior of its stock in the market. Otherwise, all accountants would have retired long ago as a result of successful speculations. The fact that most of them still work for a living should prove to you that not even a professional understanding of annual reports will enable you automatically to pick a winner.

And, finally, remember that the public-relations director who prepared the annual report had you in mind. For in the last analysis, the annual report is a public-relations device whose theme song is "love that corporation." And as Dr. Frickey puts it to his students, no annual report ever took the place of an extra dividend.

NOW YOU SEE IT, NOW YOU DON'T

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Report from Chicago

by Herman Kogan

APRIL 1 was April Fool's Day for the Republicans in Chicago. Having grabbed important Cook County offices from the Democrats in last November's election, a combination of over-confidence and dizziness tripped them up in the contest for the key city's mayoralty, with the result that Democrat Martin J. Kennelly came through with a plurality of 275,000 over his bumbling Republican opponent, Russell W. Root.

Although some Democratic observers were quick to detect a trend in the Republican defeat, actually Kennelly's election has more significance locally than nationally.

Last winter McCormick and Governor Dwight H. Green had handpicked Root because he was ready to respond to the slightest crooking of a big shot's finger. An unknown precinct captain in an upper-middle-class South Side ward three years ago, Root had held minor state jobs; and whenever he opened his wide mouth he seemed to be reciting the latest *Tribune* editorial. Believing that old Boss Ed Kelly, or at least one of his protégés, would be Root's foe, the Republicans had prepared for another slaughter in April.

But that political wise man, Colonel Jack Arvey, Kelly's successor as boss of the Cook County Central Democratic Committee (see the *NR*, March 24), crossed them up. It was time, he said, to pick a non-machine man, free from the taint of professional politics as practised in Chicago. And he chose Kennelly.

A Chicago newspaperman for 15 years, Herman Kogan is the co-author of Lords of the Levee, *a political biography of Bathhouse John Coughlin and Hinky Dink Kenna, Chicago's famed First Ward aldermen. During the war he served as a Marine combat correspondent.*

The Republicans, caught off-guard, were bewildered. Here was a foe who had actually fought the Kelly machine in previous elections; a genial, silver-haired bachelor of 59 with lots of sincerity, ideas and audience appeal; a successful, wealthy, conventional businessman; a candidate who said firmly, in accepting the nomination: "I have not made nor will I make any commitments to anybody. We must get away from the idea that the government belongs to a party and realize that it belongs to the people."

As a result Root rode off in a dozen directions. He called Kennelly a "political faker" and a "sham independent." He insisted that Kennelly discuss the "issue of the hour—the clouds of World War III." Before Negro voters the Republican speakers blamed the local Democrats for the Bilbos and Rankins. Representative Alvin O'Konski, the Wisconsin spellbinder, was imported to advise the Polish constituency that a vote for Martin Kennelly would make Joseph Stalin very happy. In Jewish neighborhoods Root spoke for a "free Palestine." "Curly" Brooks, McCormick's Senator, bustled in from Washington to let the people know that Kennelly's election would be the signal for a third World War.

Root did manage to discuss local issues. But a good deal of his oratorical fire was concentrated on American foreign policy, a matter in which many Chicagoans have a deep interest except when they are looking for someone to clean up the streets and alleys, solve the traction mess, improve the woeful schools, reduce taxes and build houses.

AS amateur politicos often do, Kennelly waged a clean, intelligent campaign. He stayed away from official party headquarters, had no manager, and came forth with concrete proposals for stimulating home building, solving the traction tie-up, constructing superhighways and subways and strengthening the civil-service system.

In the closing days of the campaign, a tragedy in downstate Illinois put the torch to Republican hopes—if any still existed. An explosion in a Centralia mine trapped 111 men. GOP Governor Green's appointees were charged with negligence in enforcing safety rules; a pathetic letter from miners before the blast had been sent by Green into laborious "official channels"; the papers started yelling for Green's impeachment.

"The whole god-damned house of cards is falling in," grumbled a Republican press agent a few days before the election.

Kennelly's was a personal triumph rather than a victory for the Democratic machine. His running mates, city clerk Ludwig Schreiber and city treasurer Joe Baran, both regular party men, had pluralities of little more than 100,000. In the wards, Democratic aldermen were mowed down in two's and three's. In heavy Democratic sections, there was little difference between Kennelly's vote percentage and those of Kelly in earlier elections; but in Republican wards the Kennelly percentages had leaped from six to 12 points higher than Kelly's had ever been.

An old-timer from the city's rollicking First Ward put it this way: "You can't win with just any guy. Them days are over when you can put up some stooge. Maybe the people are gettin' smarter."

BUT it would be an error on the part of national Democratic leaders to think that the Kennelly triumph was a complete repudiation of McCormick isolationism. Certainly, thousands switched allegiance on Election Day. That does not mean, however, that these thousands would refuse to vote for an isolationist Republican Senator or Representative—or even a President.

It does mean that on strictly local issues the McCormick cry of nationalism amounts to but a whisper. It does mean that the hackneyed technique of dragging in red herrings at mayoralty elections doesn't always work in Chicago.

Just as the election shoved Governor "Pete" Green out of the running as a vice-presidential possibility and surely damaged McCormick's standing with the Republican hierarchy, so has it suddenly brought Kennelly to the attention of the Big Democrats.

Already there is talk of grooming him for "bigger things." "A natural," the boys call him. At the moment, Kennelly is neither ready nor willing to yield to such temptations.

For he has carved himself a mighty job of building a "Chicago whose greatness will be unchallenged throughout the world." Unless he is very naïve, he must realize that one of the hardest parts of that job will be to convince the remaining members of the Democratic machine that he meant what he said about "no favors" and "no commitments" and of being "the people's mayor."

Kennelly is no Fiorello H. LaGuardia, but he is the most hopeful, encouraging thing that has hit the rough, tough town in many decades. Even if he fulfills only half his promises, he probably can stay in City Hall as long as he wants to.

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Follow the Leader

by Dale Kramer

Big John Lewis' mine workers have followed him unquestioningly through ups and downs, but their patriarch is aging fast

WHEN John L. Lewis climbs out of his limousine these days he comes down hind first, gripping the door jambs and distributing his sagging weight carefully between the heels and balls of his feet. If there are no photographers at whom gayly or threateningly to flourish his heavy cane, he uses it for what it was made. The auburn mane has turned a lank gray and the full cheeks hang in ashen, seamy pouches.

This slow and creeping change is reflected in the conversation of political and labor insiders when they sit around discussing the future. They used to speak of Big John Lewis. Now it's Old John.

He is a patriarch, and the 500,000 miners over whom he rules are his family. Again on April 1 they showed how closely they hang together when they quit work for six days in mourning for the 111 members of their clan who died in the Centralia mine. And once more they also demonstrated their unquestioning obedience to the aging lord who tells them when and when not to work.

If anything, age has increased the regal quality of Old John's passage through the hushed and lofty halls of the Mine Workers' Building in Washington. For anyone to halt his stately promenade would be a disastrous breach of etiquette. Men who called him "John" or "Jack" are mostly either in the ranks of the hated CIO or too old for duty. Those remaining address him as "Mr. Lewis," and they maintain the respectful title when talking about him, perhaps even in their secret thoughts. An official in the same building may spend two or three days obtaining an appointment. When one showed up on a hot day dressed in slacks, word came down through channels that Lewis considered such garb undignified.

Insiders refer to Lewis' vast office on the fifth floor as the Throne Room. He is not opposed to the analogy. "Why, gentlemen," he once told a convention, "there isn't any mincing, lackadaisical, lace-pantied gigolo going to dethrone John L. Lewis in his own organization and in his own convention."

To labor leaders the term "king" is not exact. Neither is "boss." Nor the "sacred leader" of miners' convention resolutions. After three decades, Old John *is* the United Mine Workers of America.

The dutiful dispatches of newspaper reporters during every strike telling of cracking miners' support are therefore looked upon as old jokes. Labor men are not impressed by the view of the Supreme Court's decision as a stunning blow necessarily breaking Lewis' grip. What they know—and the reasons for their conclusions are set down hereinafter—is that the miners will do his bidding.

And so, the terrible pride of Old John being well known, labor men see the miners' union in peril. The danger will not pass with the resolution of this crisis or one or two more. Lewis is 67. No medical report is necessary to reveal his failing health—the camera does it.

The death of Lewis and the attendant confusion among palace sycophants, coupled with widespread unemployment and enemy attacks, could, even without a disastrous strike, destroy the union which for almost half a century was the vanguard of American labor. Maybe it *still is.*

The plumed figure of Old John largely obscures the fact that the

HOME LIFE: THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF SUCH MINERS' SHACKS

As a correspondent for Yank, *Dale Kramer covered the Pacific and the surrender of Japan. He is now a free-lance writer and has contributed to* Harper's, Esquire *and the* Nation.

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coal miners are still third or fourth-class economic citizens. The soft-coal miner's average daily wage is $11.85 for nine hours. That is for a five-day week; the sixth day, if worked, calls for time-and-a-half. Since miners want to pile up cash and the operators coal, most pits have been working a six-day week. The average steelworker's pay for nine hours figures $12.44. Auto workers get $13.01.

Sudden death

WAGE comparisons tell only a part of the story. Working conditions in the mines—floating coal dust, water often knee deep—are dismal enough. In addition, the miner faces startling dangers. Big mine disasters get headlines, but scattered fatalities escape notice outside the mining camps. Consequently, when Old John thundered during wartime that coal digging was more dangerous than armed service, most people thought he was only beating his gums again.

He was not. In the years 1942-45 inclusive, 5,295 men were killed in the mines and 259,408 more were injured. That averages a little more than one dead or injured for every two miners. Armed-forces battle casualties over roughly the same period were a little less than one per 14 men. By entering the service a young miner thus greatly reduced his chances of getting hurt.

Auto workers suffer only about one-fifth as many accidents as miners, and severity figured in man hours lost is roughly one-fifteenth as great. The miner is also a major sufferer from occupational diseases. His working days are made miserable and his life shortened by lung afflictions (he calls them all asthma) and by cramps and rheumatism resulting from floor water and damp air.

A medical survey of conditions in mine towns was part of the welfare program negotiated by Lewis last year in his famous "agreement" with Interior Secretary Krug. The Navy sent medical officers, engineers and social workers throughout the mine fields. Advance reports indicate that conditions have improved little since 1923, when the last survey was made.

The demand for a welfare program was something new for Lewis. The only such program he ever had was a large

THE COMPANY STORE OFFERS A PLACE TO MEET AFTER WORK

cash box which he kept near him. If someone turned up with a hard-luck story, or a moving letter from a widow came in, he reached munificently into the box and hauled out a $10 bill.

The survey doubtless will pay dividends, but cash is something Lewis understands better, and he insisted on getting some placed at once in a welfare fund. It is still there, most of it lying in a New York bank.

Operators are required to contribute five cents for each ton of coal mined. The welfare fund will receive roughly $30 million a year if production holds up. Considering the thousands of disabled and decrepit miners in the fields and the high accident rate, that amount will not go far.

Miners hailed the agreement (which included a vacation clause worth $100 a year), but, with the cost of living shooting up, they were none too happy. Besides, they had begun to worry over the future of the coal industry. Layoffs in the hard-coal fields were commencing and they wondered if only the threat of strike held up employment in the bituminous mines. The early thirties, when two working days made a good week, are fresh in memory.

There is, too, the fear of increased mechanization. Strip-mining, which employs great earth-moving machines and requires comparatively few men, accounted in 1945 for 19 percent of bituminous production compared with 6.4 percent in 1935. The portion of underground output cut by machines rather than with hand picks rose from 84.2 percent in 1935 to 90.8 percent in 1945. The increase in mechanical coal loaders was greater—from 13.5 to 56.1 percent. All together, net production per man per day went up from 4.5 to 5.78 tons in the 10-year period.

Increased use of coal substitutes causes additional worry. In 1935 coal supplied

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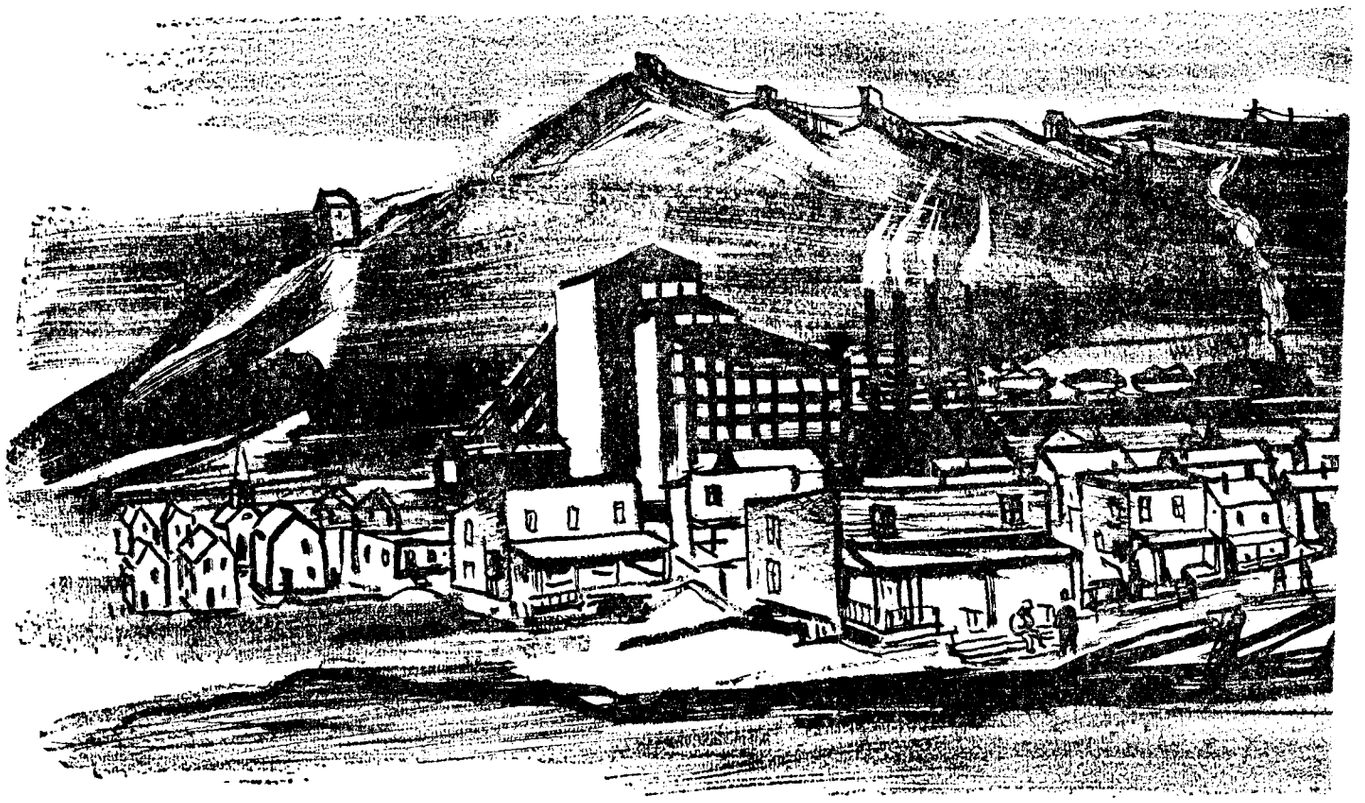

TYPICAL PENNSYLVANIA ANTHRACITE TOWN: FLARING FURNACES, COMPANY SHACKS HUD

51.7 percent of all US energy requirements. Ten years later it provided only 46.4 percent. Goose-pimpling talk of big and little-inch pipelines for carrying oil and gas is therefore understandable. Some petroleum companies are experimenting with extraction of oil and gas from coal, believing the process may be cheaper than piping them out of the ground. But no one knows whether it will work, and if so, when.

The making of a dictator

How did it come to pass that half a million coal miners obey the orders and often the whims of a single man? Lewis has headed the UMW—in fact, if not at first by title—for 29 years, more than half its lifetime. But men have held long tenure in other unions without approaching his power. Part of the answer can be found in the century-long struggle of miners to hold their unions in the face of merciless and devious onslaughts.

The mine owners set one part of the pattern as early as 1849, when they bought out John Bates, leader of Bates's Union, the first US miners' organization. They set another in the middle seventies by putting the law on John Siney, head of the National Union. The prosecutor thundered: "John Siney . . . did assist in this combination of miners for the purpose of raising wages, and it is your bounden duty under the provision of the law to bring in a verdict of guilty."

Another area of the pattern was stamped a few years later when Pinkerton detectives were sent as labor spies into the Molly Maguires, a secret band of direct actionists. The calculated violence of private-company armies and bribed officials was used against the National Federation of Miners, organized in 1885, and it was stepped up after 1890 when the miners' faction of the Knights of Labor joined with the National Federation to found the present United Mine Workers of America.

Solidarity was the miners' major counterweapon. When an able, incorruptible leader arose, they had a tendency to idolize him. They did it with John Mitchell, who even yet is given a "day." And even that sensitive, mild leader stepped out in 1908 after only a decade to accept a better-paying job with a semi-employer group—though he quit when the miners objected. John L. Lewis has been accused of taking power, but never bribes.

The miner's way of life was, and is, another compulsion for allegiance to personal leadership. What man could labor 12 to 16 hours a day, six days a week, often on his knees swinging a pick, and have time for analyzing complicated issues? In nearly half of the miners' homes the official *Journal*, a powerful advocate of Old John, is still the chief reading fare. At the same time the "operator-dominated" public press is distrusted.

But the greatest factors in the present organization of the UMW are the personal qualities, character and ability of John L. Lewis. The general public's simple view of him as a combination bruiser and ham actor is not shared even by enemies who know him well. They have seen the Lewis ruthlessness and the Lewis theatricals. But they have

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Drawings by Elizabeth Olds

NEAR THE MINE SHAFT AND HUGE, BLACK SLAG HEAPS TOWERING ABOVE HOUSES AND PEOPLE

seen, too, an extraordinarily subtle mind and a vast personal force and charm usually concealed from the public.

One former close associate said recently, "John Lewis' native qualities of leadership have been surpassed by few of his contemporaries in America or anywhere else. But not many have so loved to drive rather than lead."

The key to power

ADD up all these factors—the history of miners' struggles, the nature of coal digging, the character of John L. Lewis—and the whys of lack of democracy in the UMW become clear. The union's constitution gives the hows. Here is the key to power:

> Charters of districts, subdistricts and local unions may be revoked by the international president, who shall have authority to create a provisional government for the subordinate branch whose charter has been revoked

The climb back from provisionalism, once Lewis has substituted his appointees for elected officials, is next to impossible. Of the UMW's 30 districts, 20 are provisional or semi-provisional. Some have held no election in a decade and a half.

In a recent courtroom tussle, Lewis self-righteously apprised the court of the fact that his expenses are passed on by the union's executive board. He did not add that as ruler of the provisional districts he appoints a majority of the board—and holds power to remove even the few who are elected. The board has one member for each district.

Appointment of subordinate officers is one of the few things which still causes fireworks in the conventions. Some locals regularly instruct their delegates to ask for home rule—autonomy is the customary term—for their districts. Debate is usually perfunctory. The 1944 gathering, however, saw some excitement because Ray Edmundson of Illinois (District 12), was fighting Lewis. For years Edmundson has been looked on as a crown prince—not a healthy reputation to have. Lewis was poking into the financial affairs of District 12 when Edmundson resigned, promising to beat the old man. Though an appointive district president for nearly a dozen years, he tied his hopes to the home-rule issue.

Edmundson couldn't get into the convention. The rump session he called drew less than a baker's dozen, and later when he sought to contest for the presidency he couldn't get on the ballot. But Lewis took enough notice to speak on home rule. The agitation for union democracy, it turned out, was a trick of the mine owners. "I know, of course," Lewis told the convention, "that coal operators' agents have gone about encouraging this propaganda, enlisting men to come here and fight John L. Lewis on this question." He had kicked many a dastard out of office "on the toe of my boot." As he proceeded with the tale of carnage, his followers came out of their chairs shouting hosannahs.

In a milder mood he has told a story out of his boyhood to illustrate his position on union democracy:

> When one of the boys would come home and would tell the other that in some of the neighbors' houses the sons had more autonomy than we had in our

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house, and we would hold a caucus on it, we used to get along fine until Mother intervened and made the decision. In the light of the greater knowledge that comes with increasing years . . . I can look back now and see that Mother was right every time. . . .

UMW officialdom, as a matter of fact, is referred to reverently as the "family." The ambition of all local miner politicians is to get into the family. Most locals are allowed to elect their own officers, who receive per-diem pay besides wages lost while on official duty. A man who is able to win local elections regularly catches the eye of district officials, is brought to the attention of Lewis and eventually gets a chance to move up. Unswerving devotion to Old John, head of the family, is the top requirement.

The family is important enough to warrant a pension system, which the miners themselves still lack. Employees pay a sum into the pension fund which is matched out of the union treasury. At 65, a $6,000-a-year man (a medium-grade field executive) can figure on somewhere between $150 and $200 a month for the rest of his life. If fired, he loses pension rights, though he gets back his own contributions. An aging subleader, with a good-sized equity above his own donations, thinks twice before displeasing Lewis.

The allocation of dues also helps to center power at the top. The national treasury gets 90 cents of the $1.50 monthly total. The Auto Workers take only 65 cents for the national office; the Steelworkers 75 cents out of an equal sum.

Critics of Old John heaved out of the UMW cast an especially fishy eye on this section of the constitution:

> Any member guilty of slandering or circulating, or causing to be circulated, false statements . . . wrongfully condemning any decision rendered by any officer of the organization shall, upon conviction, be suspended from membership for a period of six months and shall not be eligible to hold office in any branch of the organization for two years thereafter. . . .

The Lewis-appointed executive board decides whether an officer has been "wrongfully" condemned. When Lewis went out to beat Pat Fagan in the Pittsburgh district after Fagan refused to go along in the 1940 campaign against Roosevelt, several miners were hauled into the Washington headquarters and convicted, in effect, of circulating campaign literature in Fagan's behalf. The literature implied that Fagan might be right, Lewis wrong. Fagan's popularity was so great that many observers thought him unbeatable. But Old John drove him out of the herd.

Solidarity against the world

MINERS expect to strike. The press can gloat over what it calls a resounding whipping given John L. Lewis, but the coal diggers see it the way Lewis said—the government blackjacked them. Of course, the miners are not *sure* they will strike. Old John will decide that. But the man in the pits, angry himself and understanding well the pride of Old John, at the moment sees no other way out.

But not even Lewis' worst enemies—at least those who know him—predict that he will call a strike for the hell of it, without trying other means of getting victory or something resembling it. Labor men are of the opinion that if the government won't bargain, Lewis will send envoys to the operators, perhaps secretly.

The operators have not signed the Krug-Lewis agreement. When the government hands back the mines on June 30—which it must do unless there is new legislation—the operators may try to knock out the welfare fund and other gains. Their hand will be greatly strengthened, of course, by Lewis' bogeyman reputation with the public. According to Gallup pollsters, President Truman's popularity jumped sharply after his wrestle with Lewis. Congress could find no easier way of passing restrictive labor legislation than under the guise of "curbing" the mine leader.

And so the prospect of Old John riding forth to protect what he calls the "defenseless breasts" of his members brings shudders to other leaders of labor. If he and the miners are brought down, can the breach be filled in time?

Lewis' possible successors

WHO is heir apparent in the UMW should Lewis die—or, perhaps worse, undergo a long illness? No one, remembering the case of Ray Edmundson, is likely to step forward as a candidate. Rumors went around not long ago that Lewis would like to name his younger brother, Denny, as acting president and devote himself to the AFL and making war on the CIO. (The miners did not return to the AFL; the AFL aligned itself with the UMW, according to the *Journal*.)

IN SPITE OF MACHINE AIDS, SOFT-COAL MINERS STILL WORK ON THEIR KNEES

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But even Denny's friends sometimes refer to him as "John with the brains knocked out." Denny has been more of an order-carrier than director of big affairs. The dozen-odd other Lewis blood relatives and in-laws on the payroll have shown no greater capacity. John's only son, John L. Jr., is practising medicine. His daughter Kathryn still holds title as secretary-treasurer of the catch-all District 50. But her labor interests have lately been subordinated to studies in Oriental religion and philosophy.

The old-timers who remain have lived in Lewis' shade for so long that even their desire to head the union is doubtful. Thomas Kennedy, the secretary-treasurer, is aging and tired and said to be anxious for rest. The vice-president, John O'Leary, is an old wheelhorse who has never been known for initiative or knowledge of the coal industry.

Others might fill in: Ora Gassaway of Indiana, John Jones of Maryland, John Owens of Ohio. All spend much time around the throne. But they also have taken orders for too many years. K. C. Adams, *Journal* editor, pleases Lewis by making up such terms as "New Deal burrocrats." But he lacks a solid mining background. John Kmetz, present head of District 50, is middle-aged and personable. But the younger men brought up through the "family" are also short on initiative.

Trouble ahead

THERE remain the men thrown out by Lewis. It was generally believed that Phil Murray, long-time UMW vice-president, could have fought Lewis effectively had he been willing to take a chance on splitting the union. Van A. Bittner, Allan Haywood, John Brophy and many other CIO officials are former miners' leaders. But whether the miners would turn back to them in the event of Lewis' death is more than anyone wants to speculate about.

There is no lack of unanimity of opinion on one point: trouble lies ahead for the miners, and plenty of it. They may or may not avoid a long and bitter strike. But they must inevitably face chaos among the sycophants when Old John passes on.

A Trust Is Dented

by Donald W. Craig

Thanks to a Philadelphia theatre owner, Hollywood's tight-fisted grip on motion-picture bookings has been loosened

AS YOU come out of the Fifteenth Street exit of Broad Street Station in Philadelphia, the name GOLDMAN, spelled in gigantic, illuminated letters of many colors, smacks you in the eye from a vertical sign a hundred yards away.

The sign, and the theatre behind it, symbolize the beginning of what may be an epochal change in one of America's largest industries—the movies. The change is from monopoly to free competition. Its importance is indicated by the fact that the movies' power to influence man's manners, morals and values is perhaps unrivaled even by the press or radio.

The Goldman Theatre, opened last August 15, was America's first major postwar movie house. For William Goldman, veteran showman and theatre operator, the opening marked the climax of a dramatic and bitter struggle. Its story is partly national, partly local; but the details of it could apply to any metropolis.

Fourteen years ago, after repeated clashes of judgment with his superior, William Goldman quit a $78,000-a-year job as general manager of Warner Brothers theatres in the Philadelphia area. During the next few years, as he tried to develop his own chain of theatres, he often suffered from the heavy hand of the system he had formerly operated. A growing rage at methods he had once accepted and employed caused him to say one day to a friend, "Some day I'm going to bust that monopoly, and bust it good!"

This was the kind of thing friends pass off with a deprecating smile. "Busting" Warners' monopoly in Philadelphia was then on a par with kicking over the Empire State Building. Yet Goldman did "bust" it, in just the way he intended.

In 1941, Philadelphia had eight first-run picture theatres and Warners operated all of them. Today there are ten first-run houses in Philadelphia, and Warners' tally has dropped to seven. Goldman owns two (one bought out from under Warners), and Twentieth Century-Fox has another, repossessed after many years of Warner operation. Goldman has two more top-flight houses ready for first-run pictures as soon as they come on the market. The Warner monopoly has been cracked.

Goldman's achievement is considered by theatre people as one of the most extraordinary feats ever performed in their extraordinary industry. To appreciate it, one must know something about the position Warner Brothers once held in the city, and something about film distributing in general.

In Philadelphia—the system varies slightly in different cities—there are a number of "first-run downtown" houses, a larger number of "key-run" houses and many "subsequent-run" houses. The

Donald W. Craig, a former teacher of English, was on the staff of the Philadelphia Record *for two years until the paper shut down. He is now free-lancing.*

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key-runs are located in the business or shopping centers of outlying districts. Each stands at the head of a line of subsequent-run places in a geographical zone. The key-run is without exception the largest and most profitable theatre in its zone.

A feature picture plays first in the downtown area. After this run is completed, it may go to a "moveover," or second-run downtown, for a week or two, or it may be put out of circulation for 28 days of "clearance." This clearance period is to keep the price up by preventing neighborhood competition with first-run houses.

After the 28 days, a number of prints of the picture are shown in many key-run houses at the same time, usually for a week. After another week of clearance, they open for three or four-day runs at the first subsequent-run house in each zone. And so on, until the final house is reached.

Before the war, Warners operated, besides all Philadelphia's first-runs, two of the three moveover houses and 15 of the 18 key-run theatres. Warners decided what pictures to play in its first-run houses, when to play them and how long they were to play there. No "A" picture could enter the city without first being shown by Warners. If this meant holding up important pictures for a month or a year, that was too bad.

No subsequent-run exhibitor could touch a picture that Warners was interested in until Warners got through with it—that is, until the best profits had been skimmed off by the downtown houses, and the next best profits by a Warner first-run neighborhood.

Film rentals were also weighted in favor of the Warner monopoly. Several independent exhibitors paid higher fees for pictures than did Warner houses getting the pictures ahead of them. For many films the percentage taken by the distributors from a small end-of-the-run theatre was the same as that charged for a first-run downtown.

The effect was like putting the president of a corporation and his stenographer in the same tax bracket. Moreover, in each rental contract the distributor of the picture stipulated the minimum admission fee to be charged. Admissions were heavily influenced by those charged at Warner houses. Price-cutting by an uppity exhibitor would mean relegation to a later and less profitable run. A new exhibitor desiring to compete on equal terms with a Warner house anywhere along the line was through before he started.

Warners' omnipotence in the area, arising from the buying and withholding power of its theatres, worked against the exchanges of the other big producers as well as against the exhibitors.

The "gang"

WARNERS was not the only villain in this game, however. The producer-exhibitors work together, allotting one another different areas as their special bailiwicks wherein their theatre chains can monopolize profits and keep down competition.

Thus Paramount is solid in the solid South—so solid that, according to a trade anecdote, an isolated house owned by a Warner relative in Jacksonville, Florida, once paid more for a single feature than the same picture cost 41 theatres of a Paramount chain (Sparks). Loew's, which, with RKO, controls much of the picture circulation in New York City, during an internecine squabble once held Paramount pictures away from most of New York's neighborhood theatres for almost a year. Warners is currently banning all Universal and Eagle-Lion pictures from any of its theatres, according to *Variety,* in retaliation for an alleged raid on its studio personnel by these two producers. These are minor ripples, however, on the smooth surface of trust relationships. Internal differences are generally subordinated in the interest of presenting a solid front against the independents.

The essence of monopoly is that it can restrict distribution and exhibition, and, in the resulting sellers' market, fix and maintain high prices. The independent exhibitor in Philadelphia—or in any city—could not and still cannot buy pictures in quantity except from the established film-distributing agencies of the producers (the "Big Five" consisting of Warners, Loew's-M-G-M, Twentieth Century-Fox, Paramount, RKO, plus Columbia, Universal and United Artists). These exchanges distribute films of producers outside the "gang"—on their own terms. Consequently the exhibitor has to depend on their pictures or go without.

Picture's Progress

HERE'S how the system discussed in the accompanying article worked with a specific picture, as recently as last year.

"The Bells of St. Mary's" moved into downtown Philadelphia February 13, 1946. After a very good first week's run, the rental was set at 40 to 50 percent of the gross.

Twenty-eight days after its first run was completed, it opened at the key-run houses—for instance, at the Orpheum, a big Warner house. Here it grossed possibly $8,000, of which 50 percent went back to the distributor, leaving Warners $4,000.

After hopping from theatre to theatre in the Orpheum zone, it played the Wayne, a small independent. By now most people had seen it; it had been milked dry of profit. The Wayne might gross $300 on it, of which it could keep at most $180. And the picture had to be carried on "preferred time"—Saturday or Sunday—if the exhibitor wanted to stay in the good graces of the exchanges.

The result of this rental system is that good pictures are frequently not so profitable as poor ones, and lose out often in the small theatres.

"Suppose I buy 'Blue Skies'," explained one exhibitor, "It's being sold at 45 percent. Suppose I do a capacity business on it, and gross $500. I pay out 45 percent, and I'm left with $275. I'm better off if I take a "B" picture. I could get one for $30, take in $350, and clear more than I could on 'Blue Skies.' After all, I'm in business."

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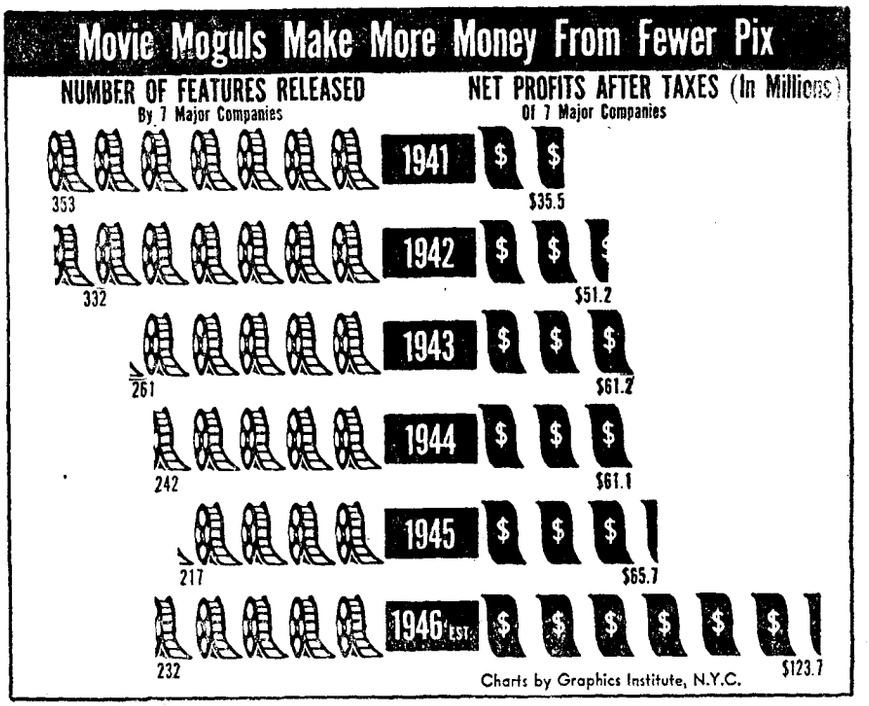
There is big money in the system. The movie companies have found profits can go up even when the number of pictures is cut down. In 1941, 353 features were released by seven of the eight major companies and the net profit after taxes for all operations—production, distribution and exhibition—totaled $35,491,000. In 1946, the total annual output of the seven had dwindled to 232 pictures, and estimated net profits, with booming theatre attendance, had climbed to $123.7 million. It pays to starve the market. And since the market itself was controlled as outlined above, the exhibitor used to have no recourse to fresh sources of supply. He still doesn't—but relief is in sight.



The opening gun

IT WAS this system that William Goldman tackled, with full knowledge of what he was getting into. He prepared for it by building up a small chain of neighborhood houses in Philadelphia and outlying towns, which together supplied him with a tidy kitty running into six figures annually. He had one advantage in the projected struggle—he knew, as an associate said, "where all the bodies were buried." Six years as head of the Warner circuit in eastern Pennsylvania had given him a clear understanding of how the other side worked. In St. Louis, before coming to Philadelphia in 1928, he had built up two successive theatre chains, had fought against and then worked with the Skouras brothers (Spyros Skouras now heads Twentieth Century-Fox), and had put in some time as chain manager for Paramount. He was a seasoned warrior.

The kickoff came in 1940. At that time, Warner Brothers was having one of its periodic spats with Paramount Pictures over treatment of Paramount's product in Philadelphia. Paramount then had a backlog of almost a year's unplayed pictures waiting to get into the area. Goldman extracted a promise from Neil Agnew, Paramount executive, that Goldman could get Paramount features first-run if he could find a good theatre for them. Goldman forthwith started negotiations for the Erlanger, a vast and luxurious amusement hall closed during most of the depression.

But in the meantime Warner Brothers had got wind of the deal. According to Goldman's testimony in the subsequent trial, Harry Warner got into a huddle with Barney Balaban, president of Paramount, and told him a break in Philadelphia would mean a break throughout the United States. As a result, Goldman testified, Paramount and Warners patched up their differences, leaving Goldman with a theatre and no pictures.

During 1941 and most of 1942 Goldman bombarded the distributors with letters, telegrams, phone calls and visits in an effort to get first-run shows for the Erlanger. He was consistently turned down by all the exchanges.

"As you know," wrote Charles Zagrans, RKO's branch manager, in a typical refusal on October 28, 1941, "Warner Brothers has been our established customer for the exhibition of our pictures first-run downtown Philadelphia." He went on to say that therefore RKO would continue to deal with Warner Brothers "as in the past."

Earlier, and less formally, Zagrans put it in a nutshell for Goldman during a luncheon conversation, according to Goldman's testimony. "Well, Bill," he said, "there is no use kidding you. You know what the setup is. If we make a deal with you, Warners will penalize us in the subsequent-run theatres, and that will be very harmful to our interests."

Goldman treasured all these things in his heart—and in his files—and on December 8, 1942, sprang his big play. He filed suit against the eight big producer-distributors and their exhibitor affiliates in the Philadelphia area, asking $1,350,000 in triple damages for loss of profits at the Erlanger during two years. The suit charged that the Erlanger had been refused permission to exhibit first-run pictures "by reason of an illegal combination and conspiracy to monopolize the entire motion-picture industry, particularly in the Philadelphia district."

Goldman's extensive, if unproductive, letter writing of the previous two years now showed its value. He was able to produce in court almost identical letters from local representatives of the big producer-distributors, denying him films at a time when there were films to burn, films drying up in the vaults because of the first-run bottleneck maintained and enforced by Warner Brothers.

On April 8, 1944, Federal Judge William H. Kirkpatrick of the US District Court dismissed the case. "While Warner Brothers undoubtedly has a monopoly in the Philadelphia area in the showing of first-run pictures," he ruled, "the monopoly is not illegal."

Goldman appealed—but he was not

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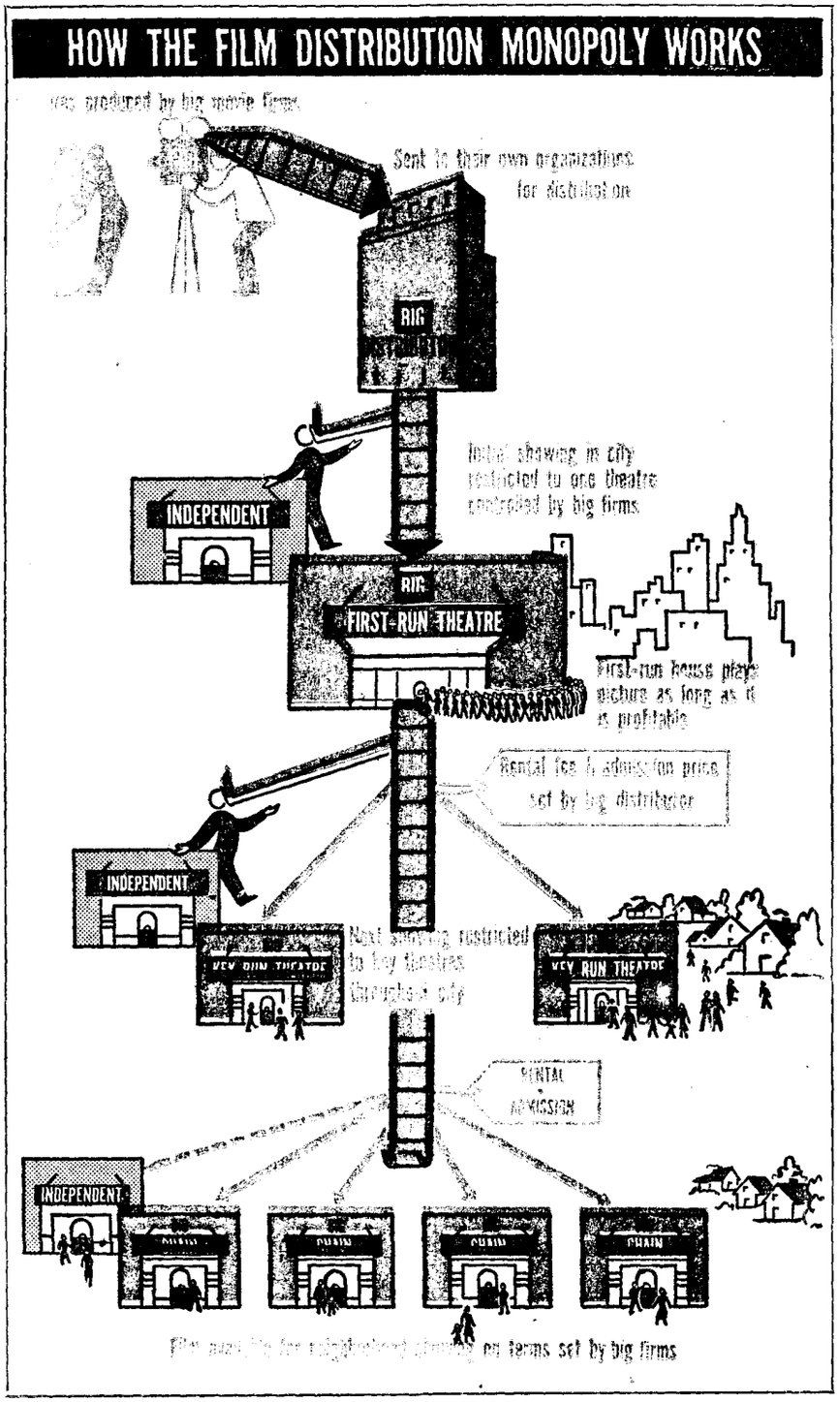
the only party to feel the blow. The US Government was then in the thick of its own anti-trust suit against the industry, and regarded the Goldman case as a testing ground for its own campaign. The Department of Justice hustled into the fray, and a brief was filed on behalf of the government as "amicus curiae," claiming that the public had a direct interest in the number of first-run theatres, that it was to the public's benefit to have as many as possible, and that "the District Court's approval of the pattern of distribution disclosed . . . is a threat to free competition in any business."

On August 2, 1945, the Circuit Court of Appeals reversed the District Court. After a long delay, the final judgment was delivered and Goldman was awarded $375,000, about a quarter of his original request, on last December 19. Eleven days later he sued again, this time for $8.4 million for profits lost at the Erlanger between the time his first suit started and the end of 1946. The defendants appealed the original suit back to the Circuit Court. But the battle was won.



Six months before the award, however, the attention of theatre people everywhere was drawn away to the decision rendered in the crucial "New York Case" of the government against the industry. This judgment finally outlawed any kind of block booking; forbade chain contracts for any pictures; barred price fixing; opened the picture market to free competitive bidding; and forbade the acquisition of new theatres by any of the producer affiliates.

The basic threat to freedom in the industry—producer-owned theatre chains—has not been scotched. But the government is carrying the case to the Supreme Court with a request for complete divorcement. A final decision will probably be rendered sometime next winter.

Anybody's guess

As this is being written, the Supreme Court is considering a motion to stay the provisions of the decree until it sees the case. But the producers already are testing out the competitive-bidding item and finding to their delight that it yields more money than ever, during the present picture scarcity. As a result, independent exhibitors all over the land have set up a howl that the decision meant to free them is actually going to destroy them.

Goldman is one independent who is not howling. Having forced his way to the top of his local heap against terrific odds, he is getting all the first-run pictures he wants and making big profits on them.

The able Philadelphian has demonstrated once for all that the big boys can be licked and that competition is possible. Under the logic of the competitive system, an open market and unrestricted buyers can ultimately bring more producers, selective buying and a better, less expensive product. The movie business, however, is not noted for logic; and how this will all end is anybody's guess.

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Books in Review

Sins of the Fathers

I: Palestine: Black, White and Gray

IN A WORLD of violent and impassioned controversies there is no issue more packed with emotional dynamite or more capable of evoking an instinctively sympathetic response from generous spirits than the matter of a homeland in Palestine for the small number of European Jews who escaped the Nazi holocaust. In terms of decent human feeling the case seems plain. The tragic survivors of the Hitler terror are doomed exiles in Europe, and Palestine looms as the country of their dreams. Furthermore, it was promised to them by the famous Balfour Declaration.

But divorced of emotion, the Palestine issue is perhaps not so open and shut. The Arabs, one recalls, are a large majority in the country and have been there for centuries. Is it proper democratic procedure to force them into a minority and turn their country over to foreigners without their consent? It is true that the Jews would bring unheard-of material progress to Palestine, but wasn't this what Mussolini said about the Italian occupation of Ethiopia? The struggle of the Jewish underground against the British is often compared to the Sinn Fein revolution in Ireland, but wasn't the Irish battle for control of their own country and against the domination of the half-alien Anglo-Irish ascendancy more like the rise of Arab nationalism in Palestine? Why should tiny Palestine and not the vast United States provide a new home for the refugees from Europe? Would not the establishment of a Jewish nation merely make for additional anti-Semitism?

To one who, like this reviewer, has long been deeply disturbed by the conflict between the emotional appeal of the case for a Jewish national state and the less moving but persuasive claim of the Arabs to the country, the almost simultaneous publication of the English Richard Crossman's *Palestine Mission* (Harper's, $2.75) and the American Bartley C. Crum's *Behind the Silken Curtain* (Simon and Schuster, $3) is most welcome. As prominent and influential liberals and members of the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry Regarding the Problems of European Jewry and Palestine, appointed by Truman and Attlee late in 1945, the two men—the former a Labor MP favorably known for his skepticism about his party's foreign policy, and the latter an independent Republican Catholic who has supported both Roosevelt and the Spanish Loyalists—were in an excellent position to observe, to understand and to interpret their findings for us.

HAVING served on the same committee, the authors naturally cover much of the same ground and supplement each other. In many ways they have a lot in common. They are of the same generation; they are equally independent and progressive in their thinking; they are apparently of a similar kind of sanguine temperament; and they at times stood alone against the rest of the committee. It is apparent that they have considerable respect for each other and, after reading their books, one feels that the respect is entirely justified and that Crossman and Crum were excellent choices for a difficult, important and thankless job. Yet, while they have so much in common and reached many of the same conclusions, their reports are strikingly different in method and manner, and I must confess that I found the Englishman's book the more interesting and valuable.

THAT, however, is an entirely personal matter. Having, as I have said, somewhat conflicting emotions about Palestine, I found Crossman's questioning more persuasive than Crum's certainties. From the beginning the American seems to have had few doubts. He tends to see things in terms of British duplicity and Arab guile. The issue is comfortingly black and white, and any opposition to the Jewish case is dismissed with considerable scorn. *Behind the Silken Curtain* is a vigorous and outspoken presentation of the Jewish case and it has a short way with dissenters. The Englishman, on the other hand, gives the impression of being less cocksure and superficial. He sees fewer villains than the American and more honest differences of opinion. You feel that his investigations in Palestine and among the tragic refugee camps of Europe were made, not to justify a position already held, but in an honest effort to reach a thoughtful and intelligent solution of a complex problem. The only time

The New Palestine

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he gets really angry is when he objects to "the self-righteousness of American support for a cause for which America was not prepared to assume responsibility."

Although our propensity to give pious advice without doing anything to back it up irritates him, he understands why Americans are less impressed than are the British by the Arab claim to the country. It is, he believes, because, as a pioneer people who won our country from the Indians, we look upon the Jewish settler in Palestine as a pioneer and the Arab "as the aboriginal who must go down before the march of progress." The English, on the contrary, are "the offspring of the families which did not emigrate, inheritors of unbroken traditions going back for hundreds of years" and thus tend to appreciate the Arab position. He is certainly no defender of British colonial policy or of the pro-Nazi wartime activities of the Grand Mufti, but he doesn't believe that Arab nationalism is a British invention, either, or that it is without its progressive elements.

BECAUSE he has a way of seeing both sides and sympathizing with Arab as well as Jew, it is all the more impressive to find in the end that he is just as convinced of the necessity for a Jewish state as is his more volatile American colleague. Appreciating all the points the Arabs make and admitting that a choice must be made between "two injustices," he advocates the immediate admission of 100,000 immigrants, a partition of Palestine to form a Jewish and an Arab state, and Anglo-American assistance to both the Jewish commonwealth and the Arab state in the construction of a Jordan Valley Authority and an irrigation scheme for the Euphrates. He believes that this Jewish nation will eventually become part of a Middle Eastern confederation, chiefly Arab in culture and numbers. "Because it is a socialist community," he adds, "this small nation will have an influence on its backward neighbors disproportionate to its size, bringing to them the ideas and techniques of Western civilization and accelerating the downfall of the present medieval social order. But in doing so it will grow into the life of the Middle East and grow away from its present dependence on the West." The future this suggests is highly provocative.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

II: From Vichy to Athens

WILLIAM L. LANGER'S *Our Vichy Gamble* (Knopf, $3.75) is a book which tries to do two quite different, often conflicting, things at the same time. It sets out to give the full "inside" story of America's official policy toward France from the collapse in June, 1940, to the death of Darlan in December, 1942, based in large measure on hitherto unavailable official material furnished by the men responsible for the policy. At the same time it seeks to provide an impartial, dispassionate "outside" evaluation of that policy. Langer has two different, often conflicting, viewpoints. As Coolidge Professor of History at Harvard, he is an authentic professional of scholarly interpretation. As a wartime member of the high command of the Office of Strategic Services, an intimate of the top-flight statesmen and soldiers who made the Vichy policy, he is an amateur of practical policy-making with a personal and partisan attitude. Thus, Cordell Hull wasn't gambling when he picked Langer as the right man "to make a detailed and altogether independent study" and broke precedent to make available to him relevant material of the kind the public normally wouldn't have been given for many years. For though Langer consented to do the job on condition that he "could serve only as a dispassionate scholar, not as an apologist," it was inevitable that his attitude as a partisan amateur would play a part in his judgments as an aloof professional.

PÉTAIN

As an inside story, the book is extraordinarily timely, since it reveals that "our Vichy gamble" was the first of a series in which the present Athens gamble seems likely to take an even more important place. It gives a factual account, readable, entertaining, exciting, frequently depressing, of how and why Washington chose and clung obstinately to Pétain, Darlan and the Vichy fascists instead of to de Gaulle and those Frenchmen for whom freedom meant emancipation from fascism as well as from the Germans. As narrative, the book has the virtues of excellent polemical journalism and the defects of partisan propaganda, since the author, while using much new material, omits or subordinates much old material. *Our Vichy Gamble* takes the reader behind the scenes as has no other book thus far published about a crucial period in the history of American policy-making. The first portion, describing the collapse of France, the armistice and the first few months of the Vichy regime, is particularly fascinating. The reader is given a day-by-day, sometimes an hour-by-hour, account of what each of the major participants was doing, saying, thinking, even feeling in those confused and dreadful days.

MORE than any other individual, Langer reveals, Ambassador William C. Bullitt was responsible for the Vichy policy. In retrospect, his decision to remain in Paris instead of going to Bordeaux—a decision which Roosevelt approved despite the objection of Hull—seems to have been the first step on the road which led to an American connection with Pétain instead of de Gaulle. Langer arranges and interprets the facts to make Laval the villain of the piece and Pétain the hero. Thanks to Pétain, he says, "France was actually able to play both ends against the middle." And in his evaluation both of Vichy's policies and our policy toward Vichy, Langer pulls no punches in an aggressive justification of the utmost opportunism and expediency. He goes so far in his defense of Pétain as to say that the Marshal's conviction by a French court of law was a political act and not an act of justice. There is no effort to deny that Pétain was a reactionary, a fascist, a man who feared communism and hated democracy so much that he was willing to connive with the Germans. Still, in Langer's

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view, Pétain was and still is a patriot who did better than de Gaulle could have done.

On July 1, 1940, Bullitt cabled that the hope of Pétain and his associates was "that France may become Germany's favorite province—a new 'Gau' which would develop into a new Gaul." When Bullitt returned to America at the end of the month, he said, "Pétain is thoroughly honest and straightforward . . . universally respected . . . doing his best to bring order out of desperate chaos." Langer comments "What concerned the American government was not the question of ideology, but the question of national interest." Two quotations on which Langer doesn't comment are particularly striking as oblique illuminations of the question of a definition of national interest. On June 26, 1941, Roosevelt wrote to Admiral Leahy about the Nazi attack on Russia, "It will mean the liberation of Europe from Nazi domination . . . and at the same time I do not think we need worry about any possibility of Russian domination." Langer makes plain that Ambassador Bullitt, Admiral Leahy, Robert D. Murphy and nearly all the others responsible for our policy disagreed with the President, feeling that ideology coincided with real national interest when it was anti-Communist, but not when it was anti-Fascist.

DARLAN

Langer quotes Laval as having remarked to Hitler, "You want to win the war in order to organize Europe; you would do better to organize Europe in order to win the war." He calls the remark discerning but doesn't note that the criticism of Hitler's policy applied just as forcibly to our Vichy policy.

BULLITT

MURPHY

THE second and most important phase of the Vichy policy began in the autumn and winter of 1940 when, again after Bullitt's personal intervention with the President, Murphy was sent to North Africa to conclude the economic deal with Weygand. Although this part of the book only scratches the surface, it is vitally important because it suggests the role of powerful American interests in favoring a connection with such "safe" elements as those represented by Pétain. Names like A. G. Reed of Socony-Vacuum and Wallace Phillips, a wealthy American industrialist in England, crop up. Phillips "had much to do with the selection" of the team of Murphy's "technical assistants," who later helped him make it seem that the policy of political and economic expediency which had been launched in 1940 had been decided upon two years later and only for military reasons. At this point and a dozen others when the reader begins to want to know more, Langer throws in such phrases as, "It would be both tedious and unnecessary to pursue in all detail the working out of the plans."

LAVAL

Langer dwells lovingly for many pages on de Gaulle's blunder at St. Pierre and Miquelon, and dismisses in a phrase the fact that we wasted a year on "the idea that Weygand could be made into another de Gaulle." At the start of 1942 when the British were accurately estimating de Gaulle's strength, Hull was telling the President that "some 95 percent of the entire French people are anti-Hitler, whereas more than 95 percent of this latter number are not de Gaullists and would not follow him." Langer finds it "extremely difficult and fortunately not really necessary" to describe the Resistance movement and then goes on to give details about the reactionaries with whom Murphy chose to work. The Worms Bank collaborators get many pages, the de Gaullist resisters a few grudging paragraphs. The misstatement of the facts about de Gaulle is understandable, but it is astonishing to find Langer even now defending our link with Laval's regime in Vichy in the summer of 1942 as "our only connection with the mass of the French people."

EXCEPT in its account of the Colonel Solborg affair, which is grossly unfair, the final portion of the book, on the preparations for the North African invasion and the landings themselves, makes fast, exciting reading in the best cloak-and-dagger tradition. It appears that Bullitt also was primarily responsible for this, the third phase of the Vichy policy. In Cairo in December, 1941, he worked out with General Catroux a plan for an invasion of North Africa and sent it back to the President. Naturally Langer defends not only the exclusion of de Gaulle from the enterprise but neglects to mention adequately the role of the non-reactionary elements participating in support of the invading Americans. The authentic French Resistance leaders are quoted as wanting de Gaulle, but Murphy cabled General Donovan on September 5, 1942, that de Gaulle might "be capable of treachery." So de Gaulle was excluded. The Darlan portion of the book is another whitewash which adds little to the previous apologias. But it sounds odd, after Langer has described the inception of expediency and the role of Murphy, to read that the "State Department had nothing to do with" the arrangements with Darlan. And it is nothing less than shameful that Langer should dismiss the large number of known facts about the political background of the assassination of Darlan with a few obscure phrases such as "there were curious circumstances."

AS evaluation of history, the key to the book is Langer's view that "considerations of an ideological character are dangerous if they are made

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the basis for foreign policy" and that they "have validity only if they can be made to coincide with real national interests." Since he breaks his narrative in December, 1942, he elects to define these interests exclusively in the short-term sense of winning the war with practically no attention to the long-term sense of paving the way for a just and durable peace. Thus he falsifies the historical perspective. He admits that with the death of Darlan "the French problem merely entered upon a new and if anything more bitter phase, which even at the time of the invasion of Normandy, eighteen months later, was far from resolution." Yet he says of the Vichy gamble that "we followed a sensible, purely opportunistic policy [which] always was a substantially sound one even though it may have been an unattractive one," and that it was "completely justified . . . an unqualified success." His conception of the policy as a "gamble" implies that he chooses as his criteria exclusively the calculated risks of military strategy. His understanding of the stake wholly ignores the humane and moral principles involved in the permanent problems of a world order. "At no time," says Langer, "were we willing to stake much on de Gaulle. We were not partial to the fascism of Vichy and we were not unsympathetic to French aspirations. Our objective was to safeguard our own interests, among which were the liberation and reëstablishment of France. No doubt there were different conceptions of how this might be done. But we could choose only one."

LEAHY

We chose the Leahy-Bullitt-Murphy policy of expediency, or "We'd better go easy with the Fascists." Again, in April, 1947, we can choose only one conception of safeguarding our "real national interests." And again we are choosing a gamble. It is the policy of "necessity" or "We'd better get tough with the Communists." The greatest value of Professor Langer's book is that it provides "unofficial official" confirmation that the "new" Leahy-Dulles-Murphy policy is a continuation of the road we took in June, 1940, when Bullitt convinced the President that Pétain was the arch enemy of "chaos" and in January, 1941, when Leahy transformed a prejudice into a policy. Murphy's role is more important than ever; he is the man in the shadows behind Marshall. Leahy more than ever is the power behind the presidential throne. Indeed, there is evidence that a five-star admiral was responsible for the selection of a five-star general as Secretary of State because James F. Byrnes, though a proponent of a "tough" policy, wanted toughness to stop short of a new and more dangerous form of saber-rattling.

To those who welcome our "Athens gamble," Langer's book will seem proof of the sage, far-sightedness of Leahy and those men in and close to the State Department who plumped for Pétain and "order" against the French "lower classes" and chaos. To those who have doubts, the book will reveal that both gambles rest on the same dangerous assumption—that "real national interests" entail winning economic and military wars rather than finding the means of achieving progress and security by the methods of peace. PERCY WINNER

Percy Winner spent fourteen years in Western Europe as a foreign correspondent and was for three years an OWI Deputy Director for Field Operations, serving in North Africa. His novel Dario *was recently published by Harcourt, Brace.*

Fiction Parade

HENRY Morton Robinson's *The Great Snow* (Simon and Schuster, $2.75) is a twenty-day blizzard that covers the northeastern United States and threatens to destroy all life in the area. The publishers announce that the story "can be read on several levels of meaning," but on the usual level it is the account of one household during the storm: Ruston Cobb, a successful patent lawyer, his family and several guests, marooned in a New York country house. The cast is the conventional expensive variety, smoking and drinking the advertised brands. Under the strain of the blizzard and its pressure on "those loftier structures . . . definitions of morality and convention," they set about behaving in a way we are to suppose is not habitual to them in normal circumstances. But since they foregathered in the first place for intoxication and adultery, it is not clear how the great snow modified their intentions. Anyway, Ruston Cobb proves himself the Whole Man, archtype of the energy and resourcefulness that builds and maintains civilizations. His ingenuity is described in detail.

The author includes directions to "fact-bound readers" who "in . . . their literal-minded way" may fail to regard "parts of my story as symbols" which have been "previously used with some success by the authors of Genesis, 'Oedipus Rex' and *Finnegans Wake.*" At least it can be granted that Robinson's good intentions have paved the road to a Hades frequented by distinguished shades.

THE STATE OF MIND (Houghton Mifflin, $3) is a collection of thirty-two short stories Mark Schorer has written over a period of ten years. There is considerable variety among the tales, but all deal, more or less directly, with that state of mind which the author feels is peculiar to modern life: anxiety. It is the state of the badgered, the bewildered and the exhausted. Add its companion state, boredom. In this book these conditions express themselves mainly through callousness or loneliness, and Schorer is adept at tricky disclosures of trivial mentalities and unmotivated meanness. The characters in the stories resemble the readers for whom they were written, the prosperous public of the slick magazines, and while few of the stories exceed the level of high competence, they are an unpretentious and exact report of certain prevalent symptoms of emotional and moral bankruptcy.

ROGER Vercel's *Madman's Memoir* (Random, $2.50), a translation from the French, includes in its slight 213 pages a prodigious allowance of madness, seduction, suicide, incest and terror. But these attractions are so deftly controlled that the story never escapes

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the range of a young woman perfectly normal except for a scrupulous conscience and a vivid imagination. Françoise is left, after her husband's death at sea, to the almost exclusive company of his fanatically devoted mother and to the enforced occupation of morbid reminiscence. The old lady becomes obsessed with the idea that her son is still alive and tries to impose this faith on her daughter-in-law. In rejecting it, Françoise is forced to admit that she doesn't want her husband to be alive and upon the guilt of her unfaithfulness depends the motivation of the story.

THIS IS THE YEAR (Doubleday, $3) contains detailed maps, a prose-poetic prelude and postlude and a glossary. The author, Feike Feikema, has remained faithful to all available data on the weather every day from 1918 to 1936 in the western Iowa prairie land which is the setting of his novel. He has studied the dialects, habits, amusements and traditions of the people he writes about, and even attests to an exact veracity on rocks, weeds and trees. All this supports, even intensifies, the simplicity of the theme: man against nature, a particular farmer's boastful and hazardous life in subduing the soil and the elements for his use and his glory. As is usual in these agricultural epics, the soil and the elements win at least an esthetic victory, for the tradition of the garrulously taciturn yokel-hero has become formalized by now, and the reader's attitude to him depends on a sympathetic response to that tradition. Whatever his response, he will admit that *This Is the Year* is a large, expansive, pretentious and sincere novel.

HERMANN Kesten's *Happy Man* (Wyn, $3), now published for the first time in America, has been translated into fourteen languages and enjoys a substantial reputation in German literature between the world wars. It is the story of Max Blattner and his fiancée, Else, who represent Berlin's bankrupt middle class—physically and emotionally exhausted, "holding life to be a misfortune." Max has no money and no job and in the panic of desperation continually muffs his chances to secure one. Else has been pledged by her father to a prosperous marriage, as a last resort to save the family from accumulated debt and threatened disgrace. These circumstances propel them through the bizarre after-dark plot which decides their fates.

The crux of the story is in the opening lines: " 'But we could still kill ourselves,' she said. He was becoming impatient. He couldn't stand much more of this sort of talk." Else is young and logical and sentimental. Since her life is so devoid of everything but Max's affection that she has exchanged all life for his love, there is nothing left to do with her lover but to die with him. Max, however, is another case. In the poverty of his life, he was sheltered under Else's love, but when her affection threatens to overwhelm him, he refuses to follow her into tragedy and shrewdly abandons her. For Max's ambition is not to give himself to the wheels of an express train, but to become the Happy Man, the anonymous bourgeois hero of a conventional success. By his ennui, his poverty, his envy of money, he is forced temporarily into an apparently opposing role; as the self-announced and self-pitied victim of society, he supports the shabby dignity of the anarchist hero. But as soon as he can escape this anomalous position he entrenches himself in the wisdom of his own dictum that "unhappiness is a flaw in a man's character."

Illustration by George Grosz from Happy Man

The novel is superbly illustrated by George Grosz; the text and the pictures are so complementary that one feels that if the writer and the artist had exchanged mediums they would have produced the same volume.

HALF the stories in Sylvia Townsend Warner's *The Museum of Cheats* (Viking, $2.50) appeared in the *New Yorker* during the last four years, and all are superior examples of that genre. Some of them are about English civilian life during the war; some are exercises in fantasy. Miss Warner writes with grace (which sometimes becomes cute), with a vitality (occasionally boisterous), an irony (just curdling into sarcasm), but her very real skill usually manages to balance these qualities and she is never boring. JOHN FARRELLY

Crime and Punishment

Deadline, by Alexander Irving (Dodd, Mead, $2.50), is a fairly neat item dealing with the murder of a young and beautiful advertising copywriter in Westchester County's most conservative department store. Personalities are cleverly played off against one another and over all broods the sophisticated figure of police lieutenant Ben Sinclair, who, in the words of one of his minions, "don't like for nobody to try to make a fool of him." Nobody does.

Murder Miscellany.—Three recent better-than-average jobs have a California setting. Mary Collins' *Death Warmed Over* (Scribner's, $2.50) concerns murder in a genteel "guest home" and provides some good dialogue and suspense, while Lenore Glen Offord's *My True Love Lies* (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, $2.50) gets right down to the problem of who put the corpse—her husband's, as it turns out—inside the wrappings of an unfinished sculpture by the belle of a San Francisco artists' colony. M. S. Marble's *Die by Night* (Rinehart, $2) is a lively and literate account of the lethal goings-on of the members of a phony Greek cult in Los Angeles. E. H.

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United Nations News

Peace on the Defensive

WHEN Warren R. Austin walked into the Security Council to present a justification of our aims and methods in regard to Greece and Turkey, he faced the largest audience the Council sessions had ever drawn. UN meetings in other parts of the building were virtually at a standstill. Lights blazed down on the delegates and cameras ground out the scene for posterity. It was unfortunate that the leading actor muffed his lines.

Two seats to the right of Austin, Andrei Gromyko raised his pencil and was recognized. He announced that, in his opinion, Austin should present the Greek-aid program as an entirely new question—not as part of the border dispute. Would Austin state his views on this procedure?

AUSTIN

Austin was recognized to answer the question, but began reading his speech instead. The chairman stopped him. Austin turned crimson, sarcastically commented that he thought the point of order had been decided. The chair supported Austin, but Gromyko, not to be outdone, said he would consider the matter as a new question anyhow. Again Austin was recognized and again he started to read his speech—this time before the interpreter had translated the remarks of the previous speaker.

Somewhat ruffled, Austin finally got beyond the first paragraph and sailed through a six-page speech which explained how the US was acting in the interests of the Greek people, the Greek government, the world and the UN—all at the same time. There was no reference to Middle East strategy or oil, and the red flag that Truman had waved so enthusiastically was somewhat lowered.

If the beginnings had been unpropitious, the final outcome was unconvincing. Everyone knew that the speech had been scheduled only after public reaction demanded some gesture to the United Nations. On merit alone it was unsatisfying. Its omissions were as noticeable as its over-enthusiastic tributes to the UN.

It is clear that after the Council debate between Gromyko and Austin there will be more to say. In the meantime one can predict what will happen. If you ask someone close to the American delegation about the Greek policy, the conversation will go like this:

Q. Is there any possibility that Austin can or will make concessions to certain objections the USSR might raise?

A. Of course. The United States is always willing to make concessions.

Q. What kind of concessions could be made?

A. Well, we don't know what points will be raised, but if, as we suspect, the Russians raise the point that they do not favor any American loans for military purposes, that in itself is suspicious. After all, if we don't send military aid to the Greek government, the Russians will send it to the guerrillas.

IF THIS is the opinion of "sources close to the American delegation," then the press cannot be held solely responsible for its campaign to support Truman by attacking the UN. The attacks have ranged from mild criticism of the UN's weakness to outright disapproval of the Secretary-General and some of his associates. A syndicated column by Joseph Alsop was probably the most blatant of these attacks—and the least factual. Alsop began with a reference to the Greek program and the suggestion that the UN, its Secretary-General and, above all, its Balkan investigating commission were entirely too far Left to be trusted.

First there is Colonel A. Roscher Lund (whom Alsop refers to as "a certain Colonel Lund, a Norwegian close to Lie and believed . . . to have intimate Soviet connections"). According to those who know the Colonel, Alsop is correct on two counts: Roscher Lund is a Norwegian and he is close to Lie—he is listed in the organization as a "special adviser to the Secretary-General." If he has Soviet connections they are obscure. His record shows that he was director of Norway's intelligence service during World War II, kept the Allied High Command informed about the 45 secret radio stations operating in occupied Norway, was decorated by Britain, France and the US, had previously served in Norway's regular army and joined the UN shortly after Lie became its Secretary-General.

Next there is Gustav Gottesman, a Polish citizen serving as Roscher Lund's assistant. Gottesman is referred to as "a certain Pole, as to whose affiliations and sympathies there was even less doubt. . . ." Factually speaking, Gottesman is a Polish Socialist who escaped from Poland in 1940, worked for the Americans during the war, has been associated with the Polish Government-in-Exile since 1941, throughout its various changes, and is married to a British citizen. He was sent to the Balkans as a representative of the UN's Department of Security Council Affairs.

ALSOP'S third attack on the Secretariat staff was leveled against the commission's press officer, Stanley Ryan, "who either shared the same affiliations or suffered from a severe case of incompetence." Ryan is a Russian-born Canadian citizen with experience on papers in Europe, South America and North America. Over the past year he has covered the controversial meetings of the Atomic Energy Commission and the Security Council for the UN press division and there have been no attacks on either his competence or his objectivity.

Some time ago the Greek government publicly, but unofficially, questioned Ryan's sympathies. Stories appeared in the American press, but the UN received no formal complaint. Alsop's charges echo the attacks initiated by the Greek royalist government. Friends of the Truman Doctrine and of the Greek government are developing these attacks into a holy crusade against the United Nations and its Secretary-General.

JANE BEDELL

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Farm

Our International OPA

WHEN there is not enough to go around, you try, if you are a realist, to divide it fairly. You know that if you try to hog everything, the fellow across the sea or even the fellow in your own country will grab something you need and jack up the price. So you study your needs and the needs of others and plan accordingly. And of course you have to have such authority for this planning as the controls authorized by Title III of the Second War Powers Act (which regulates imports, allocations and priorities) and the Export Control Act (which covers exports).

But if you are a fellow like Senator Robert Taft (R, Ohio) you close your eyes and go to sleep and dream of free enterprise. You wake up feeling that if only the government would take its hands off, everything would eventually straighten itself out. Although we have shortages in our own country and although people are starving in other lands, you think that if the government would stop allocating and channeling scarce commodities all would be well. You think that the boxcar problem would solve itself. Boxcars of their own accord would find their way into the Middle West to carry wheat which cannot be transported because there are not enough boxcars to go around.

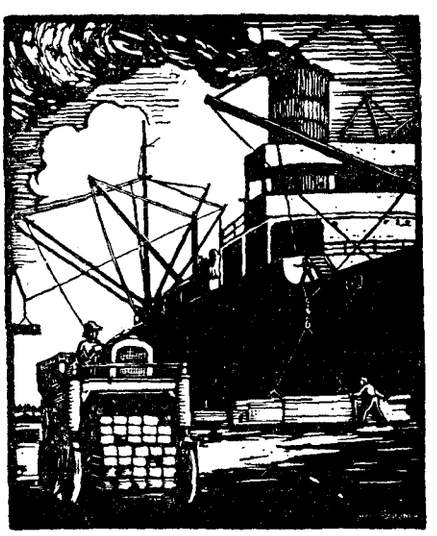
Senator Taft was all set to kill Title III of the Second War Powers Act, which was to expire March 31, and he introduced a bill, S. 931, to that effect. This bill would have removed controls on everything except tin, antimony, cinchona bark, alkaloids and streptomycin, and would have extended control on these items to March 31, 1948.

Happily, by the efforts of Senator Aiken (R, Vt.) and others, the bill as finally reported out of the joint conference committee was amended to include the control of cordage, tractor exports and transportation until June 30, 1947. There was also a general provision which may be interpreted to cover the import control of fats and oils. Apparently Taft had to back down, because he did not oppose his amended bill on the Senate floor.

Aiken pointed out to the Senate what would happen if the government took off controls:

> There would be competitive bidding and contracting for available supplies, and prices would rise sharply, imposing added privations upon the countries in most urgent need of help, while setting in motion inflationary price spirals in our own country, where a steady rise in living costs is already causing grave concern.
>
> While such price increases might benefit some speculators, they would not greatly benefit our agricultural producers, because the major portion of our grain crops which are sold off farms has already moved into trade channels, and also because of inflationary production costs.

Now that the law has been extended until June 30, when the Export Control Act expires, the next job is to get both laws further extended. If they are not, and if everything is turned over to the speculators and private traders, people who need food most will get the least. The farmers also will suffer because they will not be able to get binder twine to harvest their crops, boxcars in which to put their grain or tin cans in which to put their vegetables. Crops will rot in the fields. Prices will go as high as a cat's back and the American farmer, already suffering from inflation like the rest of us, will be left holding the bag.



The effect on binder twine alone, of which there is a worldwide shortage, would ruin many wheat farmers. The US is the world's largest importer of hard fibers, from which binder twine is made. None is produced domestically. The hard fibers important to agriculture are abaca, known as "Manila," agave, sisal and henequen. Removal of controls would mean they would be diverted from farm use into the production of more profitable items, such as wrapping twine, padding for bedding, furniture, carpet yarns and paper.

Or take tin. The US normally consumes one-half of the world's total output of tin and is entirely dependent on imports. The tin supply will not exceed 75,000 tons; there will be a demand for approximately 120,000 tons. Under present controls, consumption can be held to 90,000, but that amount will exhaust our stocks. Controls are exercised to assure maximum production of tin plate with minimum quantities of tin.

THE Second War Powers Act also controls tractor exports. American farmers still can't get the tractors they need. In some areas the price of a second-hand tractor is higher than that of a new one. But if the government didn't control the export of tractors, foreign countries could come into the US market and bid up the price so high that a poor farmer couldn't buy one. And the countries that needed tractors most might not be able to get them at all.

The US is a net importer of fats and oils. It will import this year about 806 million pounds of industrial oils and export 628 million pounds (mostly edible). Part of our fats and oils are set aside for needy countries. But if the import law is allowed to expire, the rich American market would suck the world dry of fats and oils and widen the nutrition gap between starving Europe and the United States.

Europe is in an even worse condition than it was last year. Although world production has gone up seven percent, demand is away ahead of supply. Undersecretary of Agriculture

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N. E. Dodd estimates there is a 36-million-ton grain demand for the current fiscal year and that there are only 26.5 million tons of export supplies. Without government control, wheat will not go where it is needed. Private traders and governments would come into our market and undoubtedly bid the price up so that our people would have an enormous sum added to their already excessively high food bill. This is not mere idle speculation. At the present time Sweden has placed an order for 20,000 tons of wheat for July 1, the date of expiration of the Export Act. In other words, Sweden is betting that the law will expire. Sweden, not being a "starvation" country, was not allocated wheat, but because she has money she plans to buy it as soon as control is lifted. If we were to remove export controls, other countries would undoubtedly set them up. And inevitably we would be unable to get what we wanted and needed from them, while they could come into our market and buy what they pleased.

REMOVING controls would mean the end of the International Emergency Food Council and would be equivalent to by-passing the United Nations. The function of the IEFC is to channel commodities which are in short supply into areas where they are needed. Member nations exchange information about their food and other commodity needs. They also exchange information about production, capacity and supplies in the various countries. Then a general plan is worked out so that each country can get what it needs.

Senator Taft is finding out that it is not so easy to get rid of controls. And he may be beginning to see that unilateral and selfish action by the US will hurt his own country. He may even be beginning to suspect that we are not self-sufficient; and, in fact, in the long run are more dependent on the rest of the world than it is on us. This admittedly is a rosy view of Taft.

At any rate, whether Taft likes it or not, he lives in one world, as do the rest of us. And he will inevitably find out that he can't sink the international boat without drowning a lot of good Republicans.

ANGUS MCDONALD

Radio

Battle of the Books

JUST a year ago, two justices of the New York State Supreme Court enjoyed a lesson in the language of radio criticism as practised by the entertainment industry's "bible," *Variety*. At issue were an injunction suit; then a four-day trial, in which the contestants were Martin Stone, Plaintiff, and Station WHN, New York, Defendant. Plaintiff alleged that Defendant, by putting on a program called "Books on Trial," was engaging in unfair competition as well as violating the law of confidential relationship. Over a six-year period, Stone had built a program called "The Author Meets the Critics," which he had just moved from WHN to a competing station in New York City; and WHN had promptly come out with another version of literary radio called "Books on Trial."

Mr. Justice Eder, who denied the injunction suit, ruled that "time is of the essence" and remanded the case for speedy trial. Mr. Justice Botein listened for four days, and dismissed the action. In both instances, a prominent role was played by *Variety's* verdict, which had already weighed both shows critically. *Variety's* judgment that "a guy's hep" was relevant became a matter for juridical determination. The court had to rule, with a straight face, on the competence and materiality of a *Variety* decision that "with the plug cut down to kneepants, show should move smoothly to well earned Hooper."

The case is about to pay off as far as radio, and radio's relationship to literature, are concerned. For next month, "The Author Meets the Critics" moves into the big time. Up to now, it has been heard only in New York (for the last year on WQXR) and over one-third of the Mutual network's string of one-lung transmitters. In May the show goes to NBC. At a very good time for this type of show (Sundays, 4:30-5 p.m.), large blocs of listeners will be able to hear prominent authors battle toe-to-toe with their critical peers. And, because of the lessons learned in Stone v. WHN a year ago, Stone and NBC are preparing to make this new big-league book show an exciting package.

Stone had lost the WHN action because, among other considerations, the court had accepted the trade reviewer's judgment that "The Author Meets the Critics" was "essentially a round-table discussion, while 'Books on Trial' [was] a dramatization." Now the new show will combine the forum and drama techniques. Some scenes out of the book under consideration will be dramatized, so that the listener may have his appetite whetted and at the same time know what the shooting is about. Then the critics will shoot. The critics will be not only from New York, as has mainly been the case until now, but from anywhere NBC's lines can reach—and that's most of the USA.

A LISTING of some of the people and books that have appeared on both New York shows in the last year may give you a better idea of what's in store. Stone's show has featured author Eleanor Roosevelt (*If You Ask Me*), John Roy Carlson (*The Plotters*), Theodore White and Annalee Jacoby (*Thunder Out of China*) and Charles Jackson (*The Fall of Valor*). Among the critics have been John Mason Brown, Lewis Gannett, Irwin Edman and Bennett Cerf. "Books on Trial" has tackled Howard Fast's *The American,* with Hamilton Fish attacking and Louis Nizer defending; Louis Fischer's *The Great Challenge,* with Earl Browder lined up against Edgar Ansel Mowrer; and Russell Lord's *The Wallaces of Iowa,* which was attacked by Washington *Times-Herald* editor Frank C. Waldrop and defended by Stetson (*Southern Exposure*) Kennedy.

If the new show jells (they don't always sound as planned, alas!) this one should be as exciting as "Information Please" was some nine years ago when its cock first crowed to sloganize, "Wake Up, America!"

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I don't want to take the bread out of Drew Pearson's mouth. But having gone out on a limb with one prediction, I might as well risk a few others:

¶ Watch for further broadcast programs based on religious themes but done with superb showmanship. There will be a slew of them soon, due largely to the enthusiastic reception given "The Greatest Story Ever Told" (ABC network, Sundays, 6:30-7 p.m.). If you haven't yet heard that one, it's a must.

¶ More and more, shows aimed for what the trade calls "the moppets" will develop social consciousness. Incidentally, if you have a good idea for a children's program, you may earn fame, production on the Mutual network and $1,000 in cold cash—send it before June 1 to the Child Study Association, 221 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York 19, New York. Identify your idea as an entry for the "Robert Maxwell Award." Maxwell, who anted up the thousand bucks, is the man who developed the two best kid shows on the air, "Superman" and "House of Mystery."

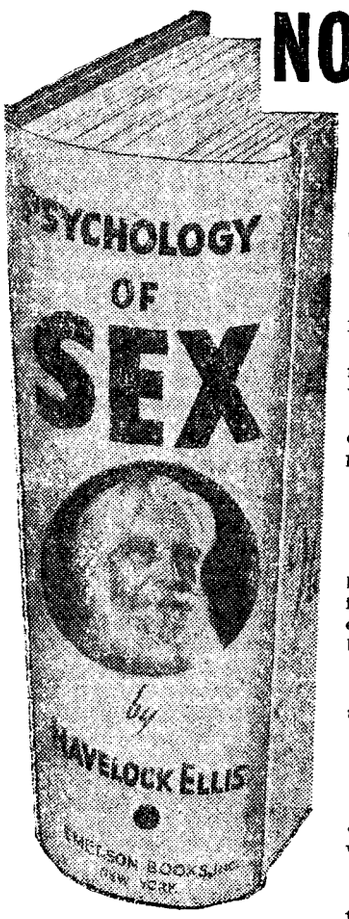
¶ "Information Please," if it stays on the air (its Hooper slip has been showing of late, with the rating down to 6.2) will see that it gets a time that does not conflict with the Henry Morgan show. Both appeal to the same audience; neither is happy with the competition.

¶ By the time this piece is in type, the writers of every top show on the air will have voted to strike. There's hardly a radio writer worth his salt who is not a member of the Radio Writers' Guild. The men and women who do the scripts for everybody from Fred Allen and Bob Hope to "Ma Perkins," "Pepper Young's Family," "Big Sister" or "Young Widder Brown" are tired of being pushed around by advertising agencies, networks and sponsors. They met April 7 to take a strike vote. The newspapers will have informed you by this time whether this prediction of an overwhelming vote to strike has materialized. One reason they are itching to strike is that, every time a writer presents an idea for a program, he must sign what's called a "release" form. There are many versions of this form, but essentially they all require the writer to give away every conceivable right he may have to the product of his brain. If you were a writer, how would you like to be forced to sign, before your idea was even considered, the following document? This "release" is copied verbatim from the form furnished me by one of the biggest advertising agencies handling radio:

I wish to present, for your consideration, the idea attached hereto, which I guarantee is entirely original and the product of my own individual labor and research. Disclosure of this idea to you is made on the basis that such disclosure is gratuitous, unsolicited, without restriction and involves no confidential or trust relationship between us.

I submit this suggestion with the definite understanding that the use to be made of it by you, and the compensation to be paid me therefor, if any, if you use it, are matters resting entirely in your sole discretion. This understanding applies also to any use that may be made of this suggestion by, or on behalf of, any client of yours.

SAUL CARSON



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Movies

Farmers and Gangsters

THE TITLE of "The Farmer's Daughter" has made it the butt of the saddest of reviewers' jokes, and the advertising blurbs have made it sound a dreary business. Yet the film itself is a political fantasy with some funny dialogue, grown-up direction and good performance. It's almost a relief to find a good film that puts its worst foot forward.

In this fairy story, politics are glossed with a clear candy coating, but the confection is produced with practically none of the usual stupidity. There is throughout the movie a tendency toward liberalism; just the broader aspects, of course, since this is a box-office commodity and care has been taken not to be specific or militant and to offend no one with the price of a ticket or the ear of a congressman. Out-and-out fascism, however, is still a sitting duck, and there are some satisfying digs at a Bundist organization with America First overtones. There is even a lusty fight in which the liver is beaten out of a whole lodgeful of these creatures.

In this picture my favorite movie mansion, which is authentic in contrast to the silly house in "The Late George Apley," is run by a Mr. Clancy, the butler and cherished friend of the Morleys, a prominent family of Capitol City, somewhere in the Middle West. He is played by Charles Bickford, who gives a valid characterization of great charm. How chic is simplicity! Clancy runs the house for the widow of a beloved senator of the state, wittily played by Ethel Barrymore, who seems to enjoy this dowager role, and for her son, Representative Morley. This Prince Charming is Joseph Cotten, who looks like a man and invariably makes sense.

ETHEL BARRYMORE

Loretta Young, as Katie, is starred as a cute Swedish farm girl of decided opinions and countless capabilities. She looks as though she could not only call a hog, but butcher it when it came trustingly up to her, smoke it, pickle it, and very likely make shoes of it. She leaves her stalwart, attractive family—the backbone, and in this case, the heart and head of the nation—to study nursing in town, and there has a nasty experience with one of the villains of the piece, a slick sign painter played pretty heavily by Rhys Williams. Williams, who was fine with Ethel Barrymore in "The Corn Is Green" and with Helen Hayes in "Harriet," seems a little nervous as the drunk who has to get the taste of paint out of his mouth. She loses her savings, gets a job as a waitress in the Morley house, is a hit the first day and is invited to stay as long as she will.

DICK POWELL

In no time, Katie is deep in the political activities of the Morleys and their assorted party bosses. She has her own ideas about candidates, entrances the assemblage with her knowledge of machine methods and soon wins the heart of the congressman and heir. There is a scene in which Mrs. Morley and Clancy place modest bets on the romance between the waitress and the scion. As the fantasy becomes more fantastic, Katie swings a big political meeting, is herself nominated in opposition to the Morley candidate and rides handsomely into office. In the last scene, the only stupid one, the hero and heroine (they could as well have strolled through a field of wheat into the setting sun) walk up the steps of the Capitol hand in hand.

"The Farmer's Daughter" is the first picture in which Loretta Young has made a good, positive impression on me as an actress. She gives an appealing, sustained performance that should mean for her, in comedy, a new lease on life. It is worth noting that Katie's mother is a bit part played by Anna Q. Nilsson, a star of the old silent pictures. H. C. Potter, a young director with the play, "A Bell for Adano," and several good movies to his credit, directs a script adapted by Allen Rivkin and Laura Kerr. They have made from what could have been a run-of-the-mill affair a fable of political integrity and kindness which wouldn't happen this side of heaven, but is fun to watch.

HAVING been breathlessly assured by the elevator boy that "The Devil Thumbs a Ride" was a hot, great, terrific movie showing the most deadly of our new screen desperados, Lawrence Tierney, and destined to be a surprise hit, I gathered up my spectacles and headed for the theatre. The boy exaggerated, but the picture isn't bad.

It has some good chase scenes and one wonderful police poker game in which a kid, the gas-station attendant who can identify the criminal, is reluctantly allowed to sit in. His math teacher has taught him all the percentages, he handles his cards like a high class sharp, and takes the whole nigh shift at the station house to the cleaners Tierney, whom I praised in "San Quentin," is now getting a little too iron faced. That cold calm has stood many movie murderer in good stead, but it i wise to break the mask occasionally, les the effect be that of dummy dressed i bolts of gabardine.

DICK POWELL, who used to be sweet-singing type, never caugh my attention until he distinguished him self in "Murder, My Sweet," one c the best of the whodunits. "Johnn O'Clock," his latest, is not the pictu the Chandler story was, but it is goo in comparison to the last few Boga efforts or to any of the other rece gangster stuff. Lee J. Cobb, who gave beautiful performance as the chief police in "Boomerang," is the police i spector of "Johnny O'Clock" and up his usual standard. The combination Powell, as the smart, self-contained ga bling-joint proprietor, Cobb and t actor who plays Powell's partner, Thomas Gomez, is easily worth t hours of watching.

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Evelyn Keyes plays a chorus girl. For a blonde in a movie to fall hard and fall fast for a guy who hasn't much time, and make you believe it, takes more than looks and more than a director can blueprint for her. I doubt whether anything will be done with this actress, who has appeared in a musical about Jolson and another about Brazil, but with the proper story and attention she just might do something special outside the song-and-dance-girl casting.

The scenes between Gomez and his trapped wife are, for the screen, remarkable, since sadism is rarely given such a play. Gomez is really sinister and his girl's life is a nightmare. Ellen Drew and Nina Foch are in the cast, and Robert Rossen is the director.

SHIRLEY O'HARA

WORTH SEEING

SMASH-UP—Not so good as "The Lost Weekend," but an interesting movie on the disconcerting properties of drink. With Susan Hayward and Lee Bowman.

THE SEA OF GRASS—Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn, a little too self-consciously noble, in a prairie saga you might like very much.

BOOMERANG—Dana Andrews and Jane Wyatt in a good story made like a documentary.

CHILDREN OF PARADISE (*Les Enfants du Paradis;* French film, English titles)—The movie medium used intelligently and with feeling.

THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES—Excellent cast headed by Fredric March. The year's big Oscar winner. Veterans' problems.

HENRY THE FIFTH—Superb English film. Don't miss it.

SAVE YOUR EYES

I'LL BE YOURS—Only for the violent Deanna Durbin fans who are willing to forgive her pictures wholesale.

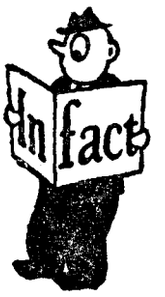
STRANGE WOMAN—A good story and Hedy Lamarr acts some, as well as looking luscious, but it was badly muffed and turns out tiresome.

SONG OF THE SOUTH—Disney gone offensive in a big way.

CALIFORNIA—Ray Milland, Barbara Stanwyck and Barry Fitzgerald in a movie that's so bad the audience makes strange noises.

BEDELIA—Another Margaret Lockwood and, unhappily enough, as bad as "The Wicked Lady."

"The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country, but he who stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman."
—Tom Paine, "The Crisis"



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Music

Jazz, Pure and Simple

WHAT with getting rid of Upton Close and abolishing the unwritten law which forbids mentioning another network by name, the Mutual Broadcasting System would appear to be on something of a progressive kick. And the fact that Mutual is the only major web to give a half-hour show of pure jazz from coast to coast doesn't in any way diminish this effect. The program is called "This Is Jazz," and I mentioned it a few weeks ago when it auditioned on "For Your Approval," a show which presents new ideas and lets listener response determine whether or not the idea remains on the air.

"This Is Jazz" has been in business for nearly two months now, and everyone, including the network, the listeners, the musicians and producer-director-writer Rudi Blesh, seems quite happy. The other night I went to Mutual to see and hear the show in the studio, and had a relaxed half-hour. I heard a small New Orleans band which featured Muggsy Spanier, Georg Brunis, Albert Nicholas, Pops Foster, Joe Sullivan and Baby Dodds. They put their teeth into about five numbers, including a slow blues not recommended for listeners who were expecting maybe the Champagne music of Lawrence Welk. The old team of Spanier and Brunis brought back memories of the things they did on the Bluebird label back in 1940. It's been a long time since I've heard Muggsy play that way. But enough of this love-making—the show was good all the way through.

I bearded Rudi Blesh right after it and asked him if he had any complaints. He said no, except that he looks forward to the time when Mutual will give the program a regular spot. (At this writing it's been jumping back and forth between Saturday and Monday. It will be more than worth your while to keep an eye on your local radio page for the day and time.) He told me that he intends to preserve his present band intact, breaking the nucleus only occasionally to make room for a guest. In addition, he plans to stick very closely to the New Orleans-early Chicago idiom, because it represents to him the best in undefiled jazz.

This is too bad. Blesh, in other words, represents a school in a field that needs anything but schools to stimulate its development. The attention given to New Orleans music creates a situation not unlike the result of a hypothetical symphony conductor's decision to perform nothing but Palestrina. I respect the work Blesh has done on his show, and his taste, but I point out that jazz is bigger than one style. I'm very fond of the exciting music that came from New Orleans before the First World War. Yet I'm equally fond of the stuff that Count Basie brought from Kansas City. And of the music of Benny Goodman and Jess Stacy and Jack Teagarden and Bobby Hackett and a dozen other jazz artists who don't play the New Orleans style. It occurs to me that in being the only producer selling pure jazz to American listeners, it's almost Blesh's duty to let the other styles be heard. However, I'm not panning the show. Finer hot music can't be heard on any network today, and Blesh is entitled to say, "I told you so" to the skeptics who thought that non-commercial jazz couldn't go over on a nationwide scale.

THE patrons of New York's Ruban Bleu are as boorish a collection of nudnicks as ever assembled in a public place. I've seen floor shows in my time, but never has it been so difficult to hear as it was the night I dropped in here to throw away some expense-account money. The only time the cream of New York society closed its collective yap was when a stunning girl named Marian Bruce came out and sang with the warmth of Billie Holiday and the subtlety of Mildred Bailey and just a touch of the extrovert that was in Bessie Smith. Miss Bruce is relatively new in the business, but with a little training in mike technique, she should become one of the best girl singers in the country. She hasn't recorded yet.

ONE of the most satisfying of the current albums is a Commodore showcase featuring the clarinet of Edmond Hall and the piano of Teddy Wilson. They're backed by bass, guitar and drums, and the result is a collection of numbers which are ideal for non-jazz people who like to dance and for jazz people who wouldn't be caught dead rolling up the rug. Teddy Wilson's delicate, imaginative work is fairly familiar to most listeners, but the album should be a particular treat for those unacquainted with the unusually rhythmic clarinet which makes Hall's work so distinctive.

BACK in the early thirties, Wingy Manone, a wild man with a trumpet and a voice that frequently made one think of Louis Armstrong, turned out some of the best small-band jazz ever recorded. Most of these sides were for the Vocalion and Bluebird labels, and the band was the nucleus of the great Bob Crosby outfit, including Eddie Miller (tenor sax), Matty Matlock (clarinet), Nappy Lamar (guitar), and Ray Bauduc (drums). These records have become almost impossible to find, but they're worth the trouble. People without the time or inclination can listen to Manone in a new album put out by Davis. There's a lot of the old Wingy in these offerings, and although the supporting band isn't too impressive—particularly in the rhythm—the album is worth buying for those interested in hearing a real jazz artist who never got the recognition he deserves.

CHARLES MILLER

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Labor

Cutthroat Economy

THIS WEEK a Senate Appropriations subcommittee is conducting hearings on Labor Department and National Labor Relations Board appropriations. The hearings are open and public, in striking contrast to the policy of secrecy followed by a House subcommittee, and the probability is that the Senate group will vote to restore many services knocked out two weeks ago by the House. What the House did is nevertheless instructive in revealing the antagonism of the Republican "economy bloc."

The House voted, at the recommendation of its Appropriations Committee, to cut $13,714,000 from the $31,850,000 proposed by President Truman for operating expenses of the Labor Department. This represented a 43-percent reduction. The House also voted a virtual 50-percent cut in funds for the NLRB—a reduction which provoked expressions of disbelief and despair from Republican Senators with intimate knowledge of industrial relations. A bureau-by-bureau breakdown is sufficient to show the homicidal spirit in which the "economy bloc" functioned.

THE NLRB. – The NLRB, which has the duty of administering the Wagner Act, asked $10 million from the Bureau of the Budget. The agency already is struggling under a backlog of 5,500 cases and strikes have occurred because the overburdened staff cannot process these cases with reasonable promptness. The Budget Bureau cut the NLRB figure to $8 million and the House cut it to $4 million.

The effect of this cut, if sustained, would be to force the NLRB to reduce its staff from the 1,000 employed last June to 675. The cases going to the NLRB jumped enormously after the War Labor Board was jettisoned by President Truman and the agency's funds for the current year were inadequate to carry the new load. Bills now pending in both Houses would expand the NLRB's function to cover jurisdictional strikes and some kinds of secondary boycotts. How the Board can augment its services and cut down its backlog of cases with reduced funds is a mystery not explained by the House.

LABOR DEPARTMENT. – The services most drastically attacked by the House were the US Employment Service, the Wage-Hour Division, the Division of Labor Standards, the Bureau of Labor Statistics and the US Conciliation Service.

The Employment Service was ridiculed and berated in the secret hearings of the Appropriations subcommittee. A requested $3,913,000 was slashed to $900,000, leaving only enough money to do the bookkeeping on grants of $72 million to the several states.

Eliminated by the House were the Bureau's functions in coördinating state practices in employment agencies, in maintaining a national list of job opportunities for scientific personnel, in furnishing 1,800 state agencies with information on job opportunities, demand and supply. Also eliminated was the dictionary of occupational titles—a classification of occupations and job titles used by management and labor in bargaining and by state employment offices.

The Wage-Hour Division, which enforces the Fair Labor Standards Act and the Walsh-Healey Act, was cut 25 percent in the House bill. Regional offices would have to be cut from 13 to nine and the inspection service of the division reduced 25 percent. If such cuts in funds are coupled with enactment of the pending drastic portal-pay bills, administration of the wage-hour law will be out the window. Its repeal would be a more honest alternative.

The Division of Labor Standards, which compiles information on safety regulations, state labor and workmen's-compensation laws and collective-bargaining practices, would be wiped out by the House bill. A program in workers' education—designed to give training for collective bargaining—would be transferred to the Bureau of Labor Statistics.

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"Federalization of education," said Frank B. Keefe (R, Wis.) in the House debate, "was adopted in England. That's how they got a Socialist government."

The Bureau of Labor Statistics suffered a 60-percent cut in funds in the House. "I ask you," said Keefe, "aren't you getting a little tired of statistics?"

The BLS statistics are widely used by labor and management in day-to-day wage negotiations; they are, in fact, indispensable for collective bargaining and no substitute is available from any private agency.

WHEN the House debated funds for the US Conciliation Service, the homicidal atmosphere on the floor changed to one suitable only to a lynching bee. Representative Keefe does not like Edgar L. Warren, director of the service, and the House voted to cut out salaries for Warren and 101 other Conciliation Service employees in order to force Warren's ouster.

The Conciliation Service is the only federal agency now engaged in efforts to reduce industrial conflict. President Truman's labor-management conference in November, 1945, unanimously recommended expansion of conciliation functions, and Warren's administration has been in line with this recommendation.

Warren was charged with Communist sympathies by Representative Keefe. His "communism" consisted of prewar membership in a coöperative Washington bookshop and the American League Against War and Fascism. The House committee did not even attempt to show that Warren followed the Communist Party line wanderings of the League after the Hitler-Stalin pact; testimony showed, in fact, that he had no connection with "front" groups under such circumstances. But the House, laughing and cheering at Keefe's sallies, uttered under congressional immunity, voted to knock out his job. Senate Republicans, to their credit, show signs of developing a strong aversion to pure smear tactics.

Upon the Senate's general attitude toward the NLRB and Labor Department appropriations, however, depends the answer to the real question—whether, after Congress finishes, there will be any federal labor functions worthy of the name. WILLARD SHELTON

The Bandwagon

Open-Door Policy (assist by camel)

SENATOR KNOWLAND: . . . I should like to ask the distinguished Senator from Texas if this one instance is allowed, will it become a case of the camel getting his nose in under the tent, and thus open the door to a whole field of similar requests? – *From the* Congressional Record.

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A Little Child Shall Lead Them

Fear that "Communists" might flock in among the orphan adoptees [European war orphans permitted to enter the US] was expressed by Representatives Leonard R. Dickinson, Bemidji, and John J. Kinzer, Cold Spring. – *From the Minneapolis* Star.

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Letter of the Week

(Continued from page 3)

Assembly met and passed a series of resolutions which were forwarded to "His Excellency, the Governor" by Chief Tuisasosopo.

In his last-minute answer five months later, the home-bound Governor dealt so hastily and summarily with the Assembly's resolutions that the usually mild Tuisasosopo was provoked to complain, "The Governor's reply was not fitting of the spirit and willingness of the Samoan people. Besides, these resolutions should have been forwarded to Washington for comment. Evidently the petition went as far as the Governor's desk in the Naval Station of Tutuila."

Such negligence, or perhaps willful disdain, is cited by the Samoan fathers as an example of the failure of one-man government. They are a little tired, after 46 years, of holding their collective breath each time a new Governor is installed (Navy procedure is to replace governors every 18 months)—wondering whether the occasion called for cheers or tears. So they are now petitioning Uncle Sam for the transfer of authority over American Samoa from the Navy to a native legislature.

AMERICAN SAMOA is divided into three districts—the eastern, Pago Pago; the western, Tutuila; and the Manua island group. Each district has an advisory council consisting of approximately 15 high chiefs and high talking chiefs. The difference between ranks, according to Tuisasosopo, is that the former "sit upon the throne," while the latter are the "power behind the throne."

But the throne, as Samoans are sadly aware, is purely illusory. The chiefs have no real powers other than those of "recommendation," or as appointees of the Governor's officer aides. If truth be told, we "use" them, much as other imperialist powers we criticize "use" their colonies' native leaders. The legal elevator carries only orders going down, only suggestions coming up.

At the last annual Samoan Assembly, the chiefs unanimously recommended that "a Legislative Body consisting of accredited Representatives of Samoa be established." Confronted with this request for some American-style democracy, the Governor replied evasively:

"The resolution concerning the legislative body is not exactly clear. It is my understanding that matters of legislation have in the past been discussed at the annual *fono* (Samoan chieftains' powwow with Navy officialdom) and that there was close coöperation between the *fono* and the Governor in the consideration and enactment of legislation."

Then apparently realizing that this official double-talk might result in some pins being stuck in his image, he added hopefully, "It is my present thought that the annual *fono* should consider the advice of the creation of a legislative committee of three to discuss with the Governor matters which arise between annual *fonos*."

SAMOANS realized, of course, that the Governor himself had no power to grant their demand for self-government. Navy regulations and orders for the government of American Samoa state bluntly: "The Governor, for the time being, of American Samoa, is the head of the government. He is the maker of all laws, and he shall make and control all appointments."

But they had clearly indicated their desire that this resolution be forwarded for consideration to Washington. That this was not done indicates either that the Governor feared it would be construed at the Capitol as a reflection upon his rule or that he honestly considered his duty to reject their request.

Other resolutions presented by the Assembly to the Governor have been kicked back in their resigned faces with a resounding, if circumlocutory, "No." The Samoans had asked that three natives, one to each district, sit with the committee investigating property damage caused by military occupation.

"Claims against the United States," replied the Governor, "for occupation of land or damage to property must be considered and decided by a commission of officers of the naval service. No provision is made by the law for the appointment of civilian members. However

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The Assembly had also requested the Governor to "take into consideration the present salaries now received by Samoan nurses and male employees of the Health Department whether it be necessary to have an increase in salaries."

In substance the Governor's incredible reply was, "It is my recommendation that this present-day schedule be continued in effect as long as it is possible, in order to give it the test of time." In the United States if any fact-finding board, let alone an employer, dared to insult labor with an answer as foolish as that, a walkout would be inevitable.

IN ALL fairness, however, it must be stated that some of the Samoan Assembly's resolutions received reasonable, if tardy, consideration. The Governor gave an assurance that excesses by servicemen would be dealt with summarily; and that in laying off Samoans from war jobs, priorities would be observed.

Moreover, Tuisasosopo himself would be the first to admit that he regards his people as more fortunate than his cousins and aunts under the Union Jack in British Samoa. He is thoroughly opposed to the arbitrary national schism of one small people like the Samoans into two camps, and would like to see all Samoa under the Stars and Stripes.

At the last *fono,* in the address he wrote and delivered to the new Governor and his staff, Tuisasosopo declared:

"It seems as if Freedom and Happiness were first manifested to Samoans through the kind countenance of Your Honors. Congratulations on your justice and righteousness! . . . You have been with us for a very short while but your laudable doings and your ever smiling faces have served to show us a true picture of that great and free republic, the USA."

But such sweetness and light have prevailed at many *fonos* before. Governors have come and gone—some good, some bad, some indifferent. And still Samoa has one-man rule. Beside their beautiful harbor, the islanders wait for the greatest American Governor of all, the one who will bring them their most priceless gifts—citizenship and self-government.

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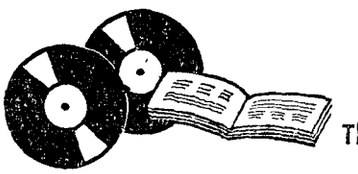

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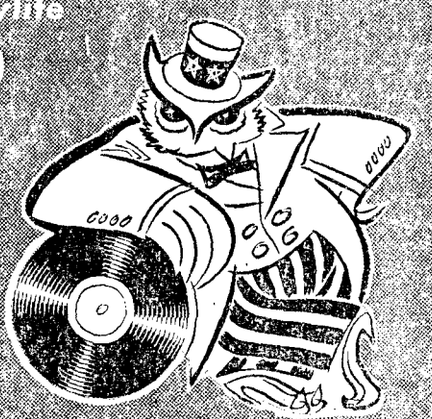

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